

BATMAN  
No. 34

FORREST E. KELLY APRIL...MAY  
TEN CENTS



# BATMAN

FORREST E. KELLY

IN THIS ISSUE!  
IT'S HIGH-SPEED  
ADVENTURE FOR  
**BATMAN**  
and **ROBIN** in  
**"MARATHON  
of MENACE"**



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*is for*  
**GAZELLE,**

SWIFT BUT ALSO SMART.  
HE KNOWS THAT THIS  
SYMBOL MEANS  
THE BEST IN COMIC ART!



- ON THE COVER OF  
**GREEN  
LANTERN**,  
FOR EXAMPLE!  
IT'S YOUR  
GUARANTEE  
OF THE **BEST**  
IN **ANY** COMIC  
MAGAZINE!



# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**  
-THE BOY WONDER-

© 1940 DC

BOB KALE

**SPEED!...**

IT'S THE SOURCE OF YOUR HEADIEST THRILLS, WHETHER IN SWIFT-PACED CONTEST OR SHEER HEADLONG MOTION THAT SHRINKS TIME AND SPACE . . . AND HERE IS THE BREATHLESS STORY OF CERTAIN DARING DEVOTEES OF SPEED WHO SEEK DANGEROUS LAURELS FOR SECRET REASONS OF THEIR OWN — AND OF THOSE METEORIC MARVELS, BATMAN AND ROBIN, SETTING INCREDIBLE NEW RECORDS AS THEY FLASH ALONG A SINISTER STEEPLECHASE IN —

"The MARATHON of MENACE!"

MARTY STEELE WAS BORN WITH  
A LOVE OF SPEED AND NO  
CONCERN FOR ITS DANGERS;  
AS A BOY...

LOOK OUT!  
I CAN'T  
STOP!



I GUESS YOU'LL  
BE CAREFUL  
ABOUT GOIN' TOO  
FAST AFTER  
THIS, MARTY!

I WASN'T  
GOING TOO  
FAST—THE  
WAGON  
WAS GOING  
TOO SLOW!



LATER, HE WORKED AND SAVED FOR  
A YEAR TO BUY A BROKEN-DOWN  
STEAM CAR, WHICH HE PROMPTLY  
REBUILT...

THEY SAY  
THOSE THINGS  
ARE APT TO  
BLOW UP,  
MARTY!

THEN YOU'D BETTER  
STAND CLEAR WHEN  
I TRY HER OUT  
NEXT WEEK,  
LEM!



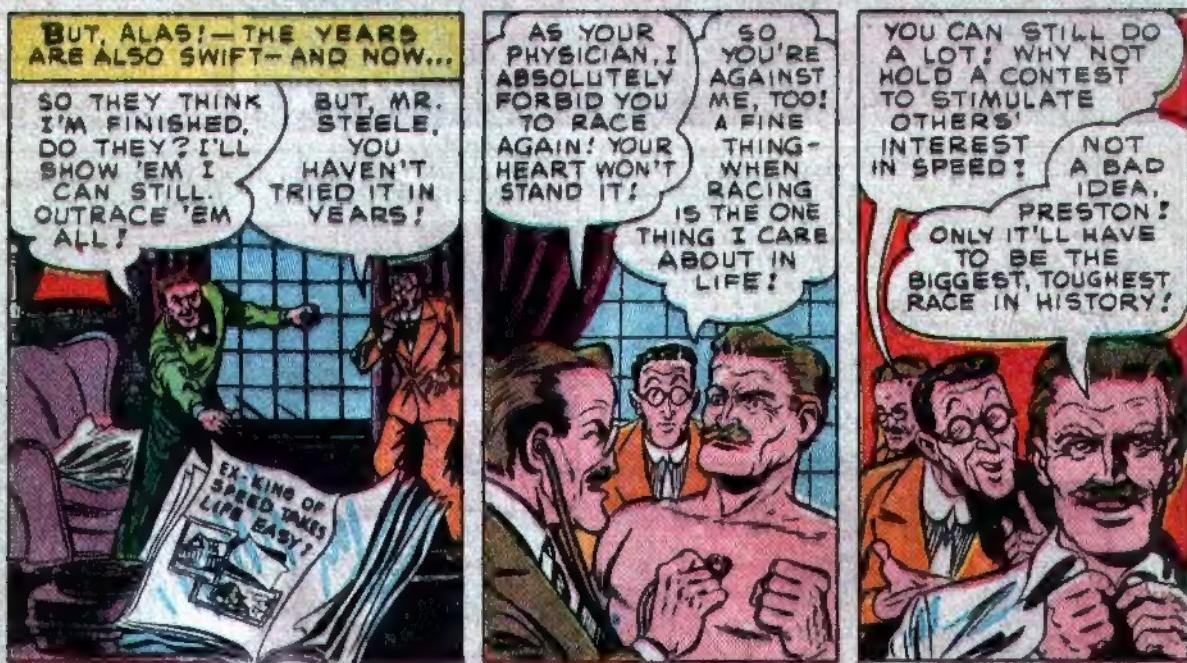
AND HIS FIRST REAL TRIUMPH IS THE  
ACHIEVEMENT OF THE HITHERTO UNHEARD-  
OF SPEED OF A MILE A MINUTE!!

HE BROKE  
THE RECORD!



NOT ONLY SPINNING WHEELS,  
BUT SPEED IN ALL ITS FORMS  
FASCINATES MARTY; WATER AND AIR ALSO BECOME HIS  
ELEMENTS...







IN THE BATMAN'S  
SECRET  
LABORATORY...

WITH THAT EXTRA  
POWER, THE BATPLANE,  
BATMOBILE AND BATBOAT  
COULD OVERTAKE A  
COMET! WHAT'S THE  
VERDICT, BATMAN?

WE'LL BE  
IN THE RACE,  
FELLA — BUT  
UNOFFICIALLY!  
WE CAN TEST  
OUR ABILITY AND  
HAVE FUN  
BESIDES!

MANY  
OTHERS  
FIND THE  
CHALLENGE  
TO THEIR  
LIKING—  
BUT OUR  
STORY  
DEALS  
ONLY WITH  
THREE WHO  
WILL STILL  
BE WITH  
US AT THE  
FINISH...

ROY DAMON, A BRILLIANT  
SCIENTIST, WHO—OF ALL THINGS—  
IS BLIND!

BUT EVEN IF  
YOU COULD DRIVE  
AND FLY BY  
MEANS OF RADAR  
SOUND-SIGNALS,  
ROY, NO ONE  
WOULD RACE  
AGAINST A  
BLIND MAN!

NOBODY NEED  
KNOW I'M  
BLIND! AND  
IF I WIN, IT  
WILL INSPIRE  
SIGHTLESS  
PEOPLE  
EVERWHERE!

A MAN OF MYSTERY, WHO CALLS  
HIMSELF SIMPLY, "JOHN DOE"...

REGISTER HERE FOR  
THE BIG RACE!

BUT YOU'LL  
HAVE TO GIVE  
YOUR REAL  
NAME!

NO I DON'T!  
THE RULES SAY  
ANYONE CAN  
GET IN!

GLENDÀ WEST, RICH AND  
SPOILED NIECE OF HARD-  
BOILED GEORGE KALE,  
PRESIDENT OF LIGHTNING  
MOTORS, INC. . .

YOU KNOW  
I'M BORED  
TO DEATH,  
UNCLE  
GEORGE—AND  
THIS RACE  
OUGHT TO BE  
AMUSING!

I'LL HAVE  
SPECIAL MOTORS  
BUILT FOR YOU,  
GLENDÀ: IF  
YOU WIN, IT'LL  
BE WORTH A  
FORTUNE TO  
ME IN  
PUBLICITY!

BUT WHEN  
GLENDÀ LEAVES  
THE OFFICE...

SHE'LL WIN, ALL  
RIGHT! SHE'S GOT  
NERVE AND SKILL—  
AND I'LL HAVE  
MEN POSTED ALL  
ACROSS THE  
COUNTRY TO SEE  
THAT THE OTHER  
CONTESTANTS  
HAVE THEIR  
TROUBLES!

SO IT IS THAT, HOURS  
BEFORE THE RACE,  
SKULKING MEN TAMPER  
WITH THE BOATS,  
PLANES AND CARS  
THAT HAVE BEEN  
ENTERED!

THIS TUB  
BELONGS  
TO "JOHN  
DOE!"

HE'LL BE  
OUT OF THE  
RACE WHEN  
THE WATER  
GETS INTO  
THESE SPARK  
PLUGS I'M  
CRACKING!

NO ORDINARY TRANSCONTINENTAL JAUNT, THIS! CONTESTANTS MUST HEAD FIRST INTO THE BLACK HILLS OF SOUTH DAKOTA, THEN FAR SOUTHWEST TO ARIZONA'S GRAND CANYON, AND FINALLY NORTHWEST TO SAN FRANCISCO! PLANE, BOAT AND AUTO MUST ALL BE USED, AND WHERE THESE ARE IMPRACTICAL, ONE MUST GO AFOOT OR BY HORSE!

THRONGS ASSEMBLE AT THE GOTHAM CITY AIRPORT, ON THE SOUTH RIVER, TO SEE THE START OF THE AMAZING STEEPLECHASE...



AND IN THE BATCAVE...



PRESENTLY...



GUIDED SOLELY BY RADAR "PICTURES" DRAWN IN SOUND, DAMON PILOTS HIS FLEET PATHFINDER THROUGH BUSY CANALS...



WHITE, ON ANOTHER WATERWAY, "JOHN DOE" RUNS INTO DIFFICULTIES-- AND AN EXAMPLE OF VERY POOR SPORTSMANSHIP!



MUCH LATER, A TINY CRAFT VENTURES INTO THE TEETH OF A RAGING GALE ON LAKE MICHIGAN—WITH NEAR-DISASTROUS RESULTS!



AND MUCH FARTHER WEST, IN THE BATPLANE...



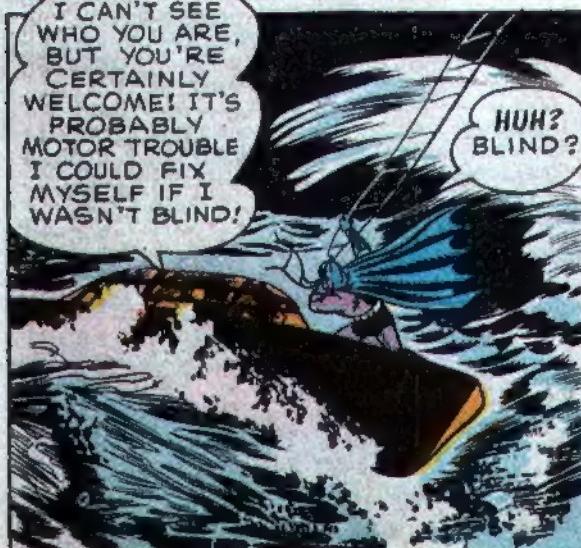
JET AND ROCKET TUBES ARE SWITCHED TO FULL POWER AS THE POWERFUL SHIP STREAKS BACK ALONG ITS COURSE!



SOON...



I CAN'T SEE WHO YOU ARE, BUT YOU'RE CERTAINLY WELCOME! IT'S PROBABLY MOTOR TROUBLE I COULD FIX MYSELF IF I WASN'T BLIND!



A CHOKED GAS LINE—PLUGGED DELIBERATELY!... BUT I CAN'T GET OVER YOUR TAKING THIS RISK WITHOUT BEING ABLE TO SEE!

THE STAKES ARE BIGGER THAN THE RISK, BATMAN! THIS IS THE ACID TEST OF MY RADAR "EYES" FOR OTHERS AFFLICTED AS I AM!





THE REPAIRS COMPLETED, DAMON DEFIES THE STORM ONCE MORE!

SURE YOU DON'T WANT ME TO GET YOU TO SHORE?

THANKS - BUT I'LL FINISH THE RACE, OR DIE TRYING! I FEEL THAT THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE IN THE DARK ARE DEPENDING ON ME!

LATER STILL, AND HUNDREDS OF MILES FARTHER ON, GLENDA WEST REACHES THE END OF A 1,500-MILE MAZE OF CANALS, RIVERS, LAKES AND PORTAGES?

I WAS GETTING BORED WITH THE BOAT, ANYWAY! IT'LL BE A RELIEF TO RIDE A HORSE INTO THE BLACK HILLS?

AT LAST - THE FIRST LEG OF THE RACE IS OVER! MY PLANE WILL BE WAITING UP THERE FOR A FAST, EASY TRIP TO THE GRAND CANYON!

I TELL YE, IT'S MURDER TO TAMPER WITH A MAN'S PLANE IN THIS COUNTRY!

SO WHAT? WE'RE GOIN' TO MURDER YOU, AIN'T WE, SOON AS WE FIX JOHN DOE'S SKY-WAGON?

WHAT-?

ON A BROAD PLATEAU BEHIND THE COLOSSAL MEMORIAL TO FOUR GREAT AMERICANS - WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND LINCOLN ARMED MEN HAVE VILLAINOUS DESIGNS ON ONE OF TWO WAITING PLANES!

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?  
HUH - ?  
GRAB HER!  
WE'LL NEVER GET OUR DOUGH FROM A GAL!  
KAYLE IF WE LET HER BLAB!





**MEANWHILE...**

THOSE ARE THE BLACK HILLS, ROBIN! YOU OUGHT TO GET A GOOD VIEW OF THE MT. RUSHMORE MEMORIAL WITH THOSE GLASSES!

I'LL SAY! AND THAT ISN'T

ALL BATMAN-  
LOOK!

THEY'RE A SHOOTING AT US!

LET THEM! WE'LL HAVE TO CRASH-LAND, ANYWAY, TO AVOID RUNNING INTO THOSE TWO OTHER PLANES ON TOP!

YOU'VE KILLED BATMAN AND ROBIN!

YEAH! SOME SHOOTIN' NOW IT'S YOUR TURN!

NIX, SMOKEY! NEVER SHOOT A FEMALE! TOSS HER OVER THE CLIFF, INSTEAD!

A STALWART CLUMP OF PINES CUSHIONS THE PANCAKE PLUNGE OF THE BATPLANE!

**SUDDENLY...**

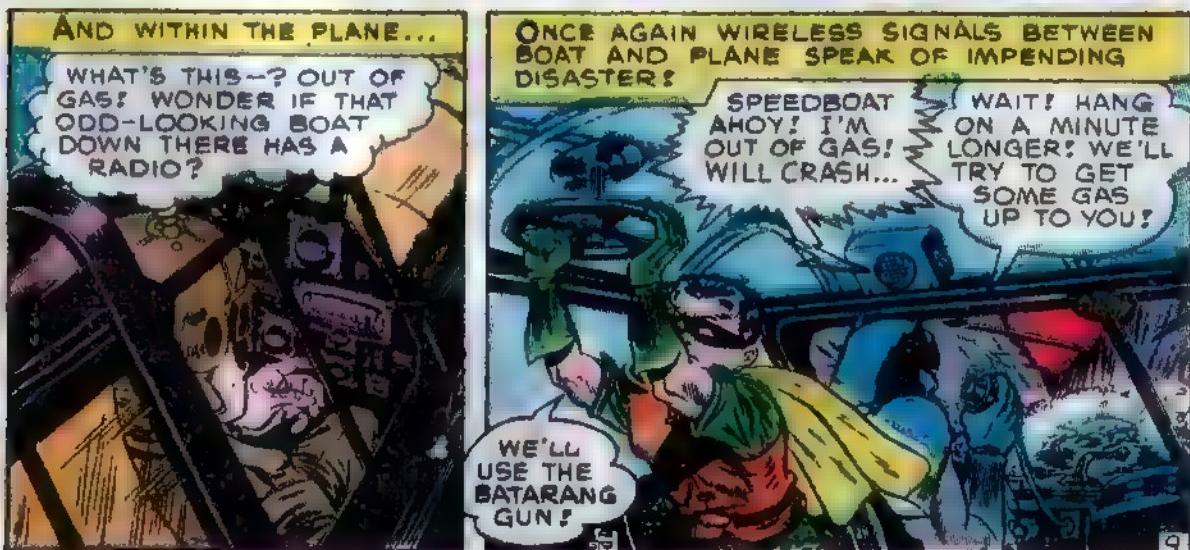
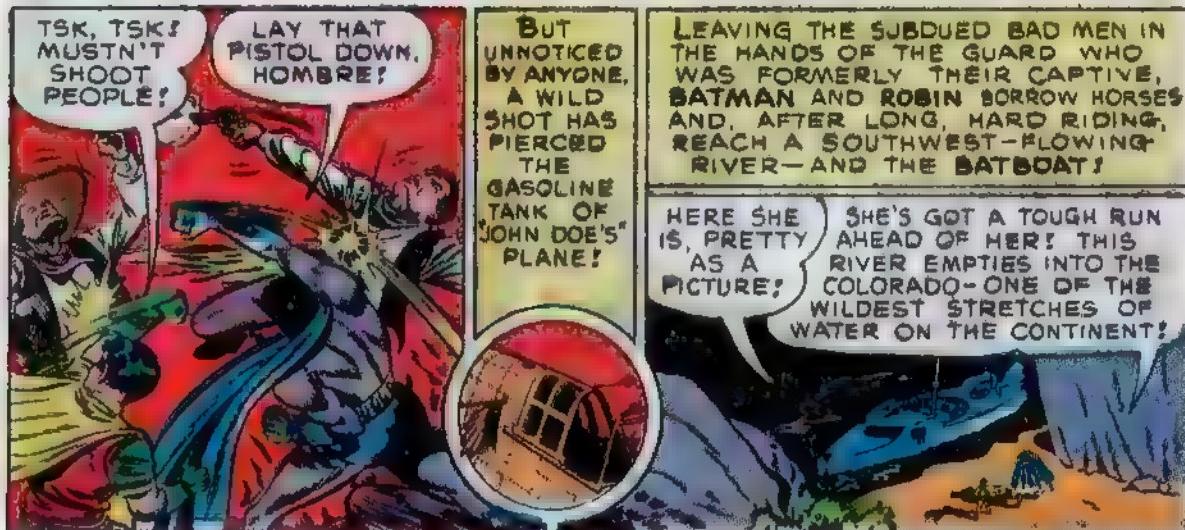
BATMAN! THANK GOODNESS!  
YOU RATS CERTAINLY PICKED EXALTED COMPANY FOR YOUR DIRTY WORK!

HUN-?  
WE THOUGHT YOU WAS DEAD!

THEY PLANNED TO SABOTAGE "JOHN DOE'S" PLANE!

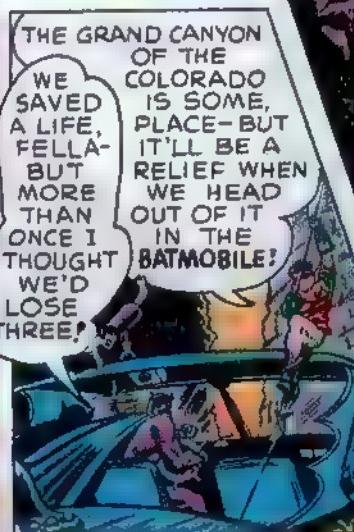
FROM NOW ON, I'LL DO ALL THE SABOTAGING AROUND HERE!

YUH THINK SO?

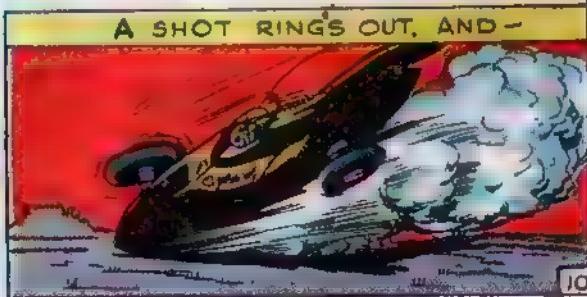
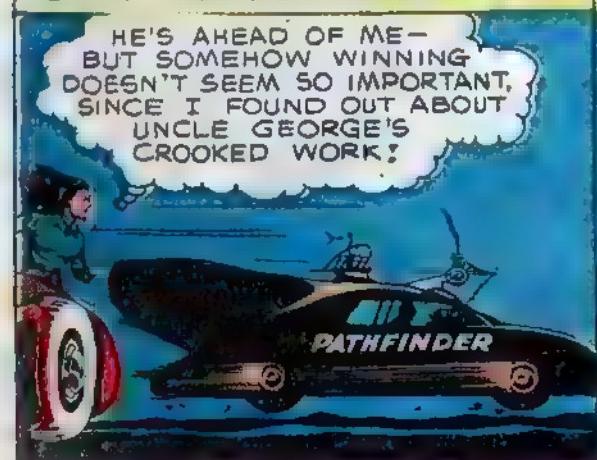


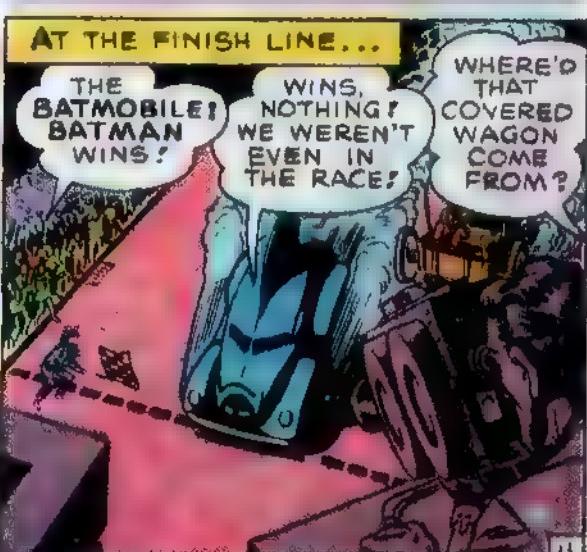
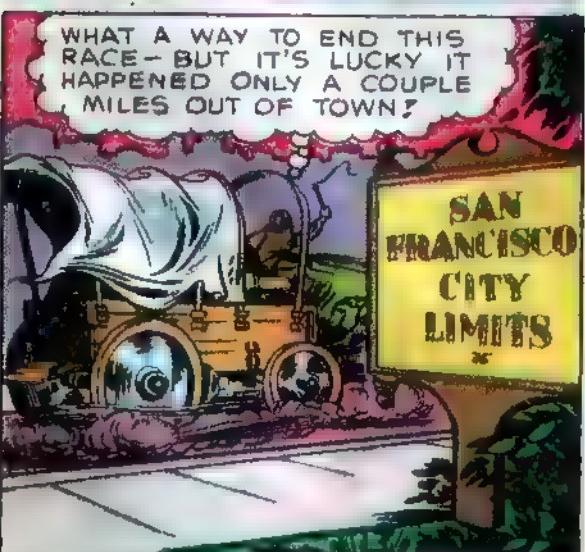
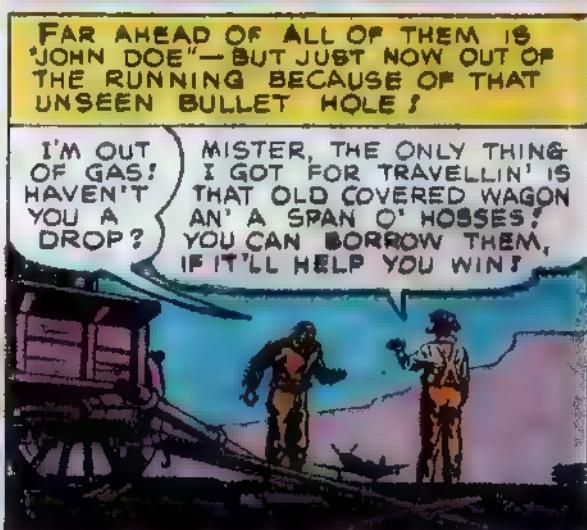
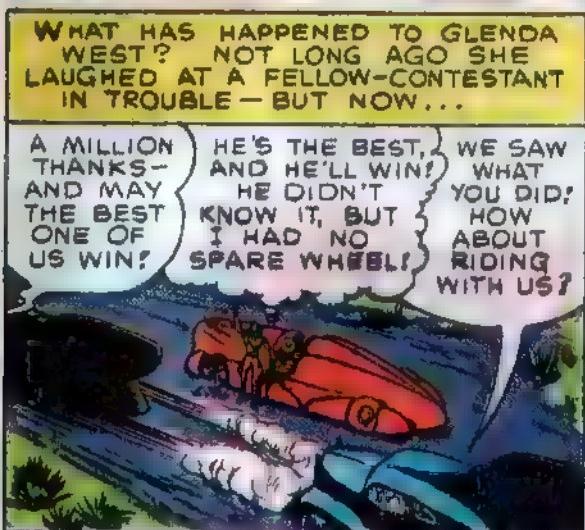


A POWERFUL SPRING IS UNLEASHED—  
AND A BOOMERANG MISSILE CARRIES  
A STRONG LINE AROUND THE FUSELAGE  
OF THE IMPERILED PLANE—AND RETURNS!



ALREADY TWO OTHER CONTESTANTS ARE HEADING OUT OF GRAND CANYON NATIONAL PARK BY CAR...





A MOMENT LATER...

WELL, FOLKS, LOOKS LIKE I BEAT EVERYBODY BUT BATMAN AND ROBIN—AND THEY DON'T COUNT THIS TIME!

YOU MEAN, MARTY STEELE—THE MAN WHO SPONSORED THIS RACE?

JOHN DOE?

I COULDN'T RESIST PROVING I WASN'T A HAS-BEEN! BUT I'VE WAIVED THE PRIZE-MONEY IN FAVOR OF THE NEXT BEST—



—ROY DAMON, THE BLIND SCIENTIST? SIR, I'M PROUD TO GIVE YOU THE PRIZE MONEY!

IT'S THE BEST THING YOU'VE EVER DONE, MR. STEELE! NOW THOUSANDS LIKE ME CAN BUILD NEW AND BETTER LIVES!



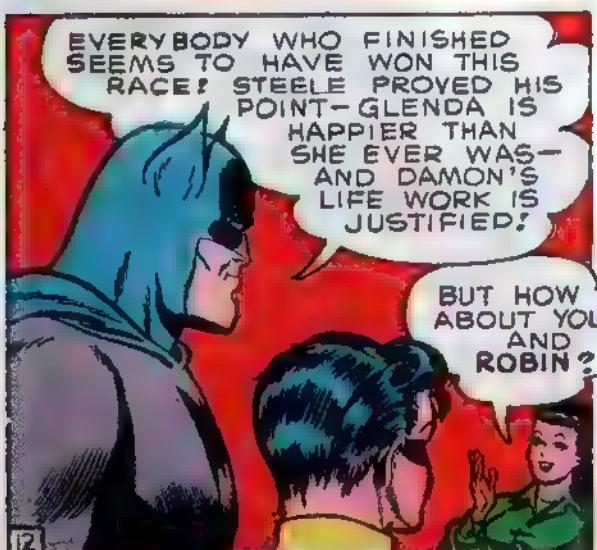
MR. STEELE, I'M SORRY I DIDN'T GIVE YOU THOSE SPARK PLUGS! I WAS SELFISH—BUT I'VE LEARNED A LESSON SINCE!

WHAT YOU DID FOR DAMON, MISS WEST, WAS A GRAND GESTURE OF SPORTSMANSHIP!



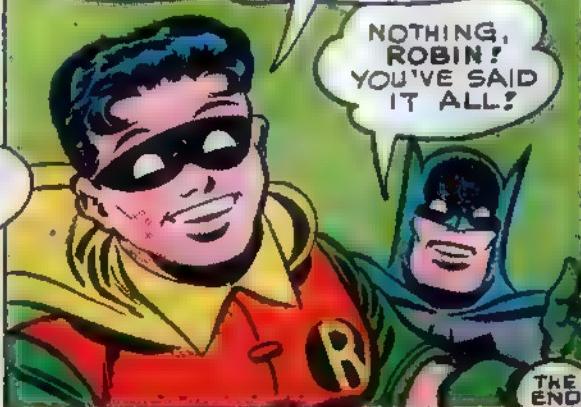
EVERYBODY WHO FINISHED SEEMS TO HAVE WON THIS RACE! STEELE PROVED HIS POINT—GLENDA IS HAPPIER THAN SHE EVER WAS—AND DAMON'S LIFE WORK IS JUSTIFIED!

BUT HOW ABOUT YOU AND ROBIN?



THAT'S EASY! WE HAD THE TIME OF OUR LIVES FROM FIRST TO LAST! WHAT DO YOU SAY, BATMAN?

NOTHING, ROBIN! YOU'VE SAID IT ALL!



## MENU

WHEATIES - PLAIN - 10¢

WHEATIES - FRUIT  
(IN SEASON) - 15¢

WHEATIES - CREAM - 20¢

WHEATIES - BANANA  
SPLIT - 25¢

WHEATIES - NUT CRUNCH  
ICE CREAM -

WHEATIES - ICE  
CREAM -  
ALSO  
HAM + EGGS

IF YOU DON'T HAVE  
ENOUGH WHEATIES  
ASK FOR MORE!  
WE WANT YOU TO FEEL AT HOME

BEEN AN AWFUL LOT OF  
CHAMPION ATHLETES  
COME FROM THIS  
NEIGHBORHOOD

Poland  
S. O.

BE AN AWFUL LOT OF CHAMPION EATING  
IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD -- WHEN YOU GET  
NEXT TO WHEATIES.

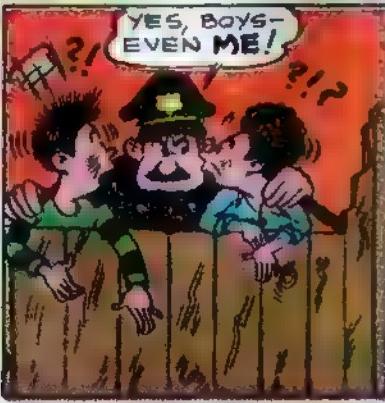
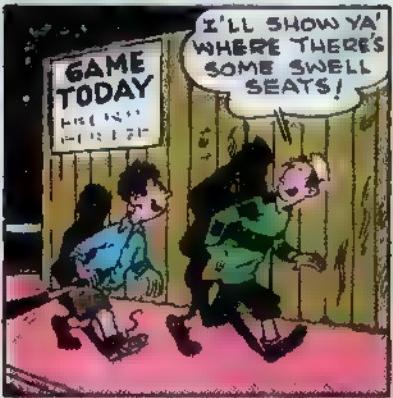
CHAMPION NOURISHMENT IN THOSE  
CRISP-TOASTED WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES.  
CHAMPION APPETITE WHEN YOU SAMPLE  
WHEATIES FAMOUS "SECOND HELPING" FLAVOR.  
START EATING LIKE A REAL CHAMPION--  
TOMORROW MORNING. SEE THAT YOUR  
BREAKFAST MENU INCLUDES LOTS OF  
MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST  
OF CHAMPIONS."



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# WILLIE



Advertisement

## HISTORY'S MYSTERIES

NO ONE KNOWS THE SECRET OF THE MARIE CELESTE, A SAILING SHIP THAT WAS FOUND ADRIPT IN PERFECT CONDITION ... WITH EVEN THE TABLES SET FOR DINNER ... YET WITHOUT A SOUL ON BOARD!



EVERYONE KNOWS THAT SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS ARE THE PLEASENTEST, SWELLEST-TASTING WAY TO RELIEVE COUGHS DUE TO COLDS!



**SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS**  
BLACK OR MENTHOL - 5¢





# BAT-MAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**

THE BOY WONDER

BY  
BOB KANE

REMEMBER ALLY BABBLE,  
THE HUMAN WALKIE-TALKIE,  
VACCINATED WITH A  
PHONOGRAPH NEEDLE?  
HE'S BACK AGAIN IN  
ANOTHER TALKARTOON...  
PROPHECY, A TEMPEST  
IN A TEA CUP, AND A  
VERY FRISKY WIND!  
BATMAN AND ROBIN ARE  
VERY MUCH PRESENT, TOO...  
AND MANAGE TO GET A  
WORD IN HERE AND THERE  
WHEN ALLY BABBLE PAUSES  
TO TAKE A BREATH! SO  
HERE IT IS ... THE STORY  
OF...

**"ALLY BABBLE  
AND THE  
FOUR TEA LEAVES!"**

BY  
BOB KANE

HOW TO BE AN  
EFFECTIVE SPEAKER





MAYBE IT NEVER WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF IT HADN'T BEEN A WINDY DAY— OR IF ALLY BABBLE WASN'T SUCH A WINDY GAZABO...

AND THEN TOLD MIKE WHAT JOE TOLD HIM WHEN I—

OH, MY ACHING EARS! WON'T HE EVER STOP BLABBERING?

AH! FREE AT LAST!

WHY DO PEOPLE AVOID ME?

MAYBE MADAME PATIO WILL GIVE ME THE ANSWER! A CUP OF TEA— AND MY FORTUNE TOLD FREE!

**MADAME PATIO'S GYPSY TEA ROOM**  
Tea Biscuits - 15¢  
YOUR FORTUNE READ FROM THE TEA LEAVE  
**FREE!**

AND, AFTER, DRINKING HIS TEA...

AH! FOUR TEA LEAVES! THEY ARE LIKE THE FOUR FATES!

WELL, WELL, WELL! I ALWAYS SAY—

DO NOT INTERRUPT! I AM TELLING YOU! IN THE FIRST LEAF I SEE MONEY! YOU WEEL MAKE YOUR FORTUNE! THE SECON' LEAF... AH! I SEE A GIRL! YOU WEEL FALL IN LOVE!

I WEEL? —I MEAN, I WILL?

THE THIRD LEAF? HM-M? I SEE A SHIP'S DECK! YOU WEEL HAVE A ROUGH VOYAGE! THE LAST LEAF... I SEE HAPPY FACES! YOU WEEL MAKE PEOPLE HAPPY!

YOU MEAN THOSE ITTY-BITTY TEA LEAVES ARE GONNA DO ALL THAT?

YES... FOUR LEETLE TEA LEAVES... FOUR LEAVES LIKE FOUR FATES, BORNE ON THE WIND OF LIFE, LEADING YOU TO YOUR DESTINIES!



ALLY CAREFULLY PUTS EACH TEA LEAF IN A SEPARATE ENVELOPE...

NUMBER 1,  
FORTUNE... 2, LOVE...  
3, SHIP... 4, HAPPINESS—  
THE WIND OF LIFE, EH?  
**TODAY ... RIGHT?** WHY  
SHOULD I WAIT WHEN  
I CAN DO IT TODAY  
... RIGHT?

*1. fortune*

*2. love*

*3. ship*

*4. happiness*

ALL I GOT TO  
DO IS LET THE WIND  
CARRY EACH TEA  
LEAF AND I TRAIL  
'EM AND GET MY  
DESTINIES, ALL IN  
ONE DAY... RIGHT?

THAT GUY'S NOT  
RIGHT IN THE  
HEAD, TODAY OR  
ANY OTHER DAY!

HERE WE  
GO! TEA  
LEAF  
NUMBER 1:  
MONEY,  
FORTUNE!  
OKAY, WIND.  
START  
HUFFIN' AND  
PUFFIN'!

SURE ENOUGH, A PLAYFUL ZEPHYR SEIZES THE LITTLE ENVELOPE — AND AWAY IT GOES!

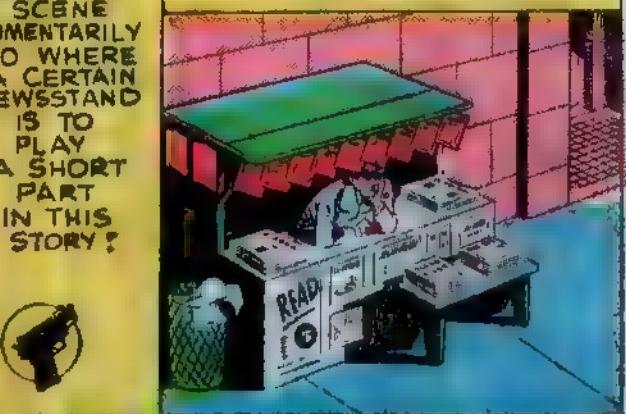
I'M OFF!

HE'S NOT KIDDIN'!

LET US SHIFT THE SCENE MOMENTARILY TO WHERE A CERTAIN NEWSSTAND IS TO PLAY A SHORT PART IN THIS STORY!

NOTICE THE MAGAZINES IN THE TOP RACK. THEY'RE ALL RED COVERED!

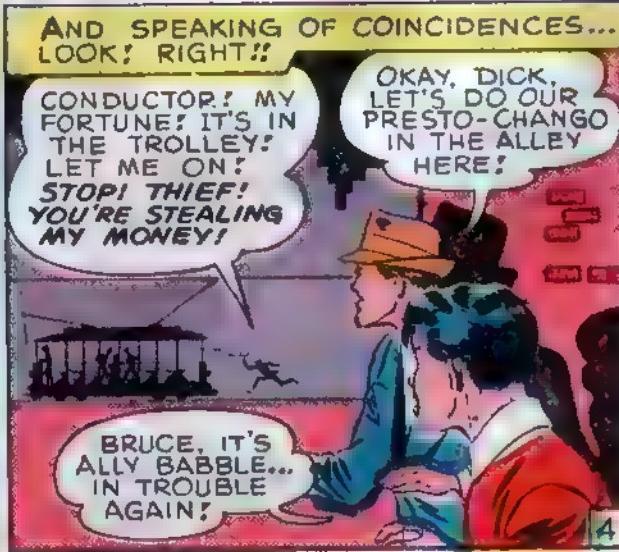
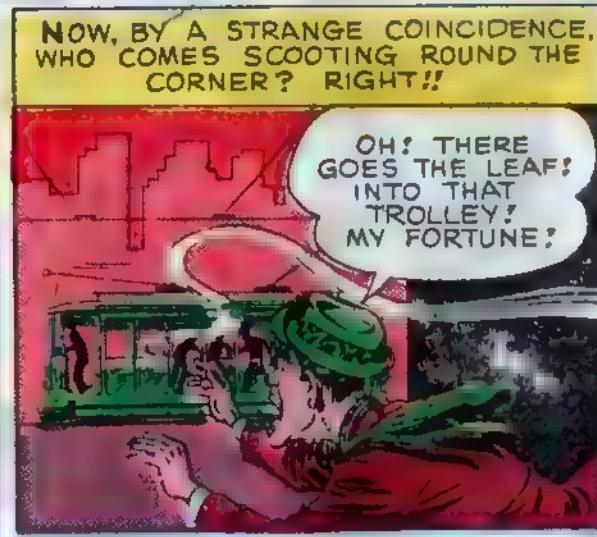
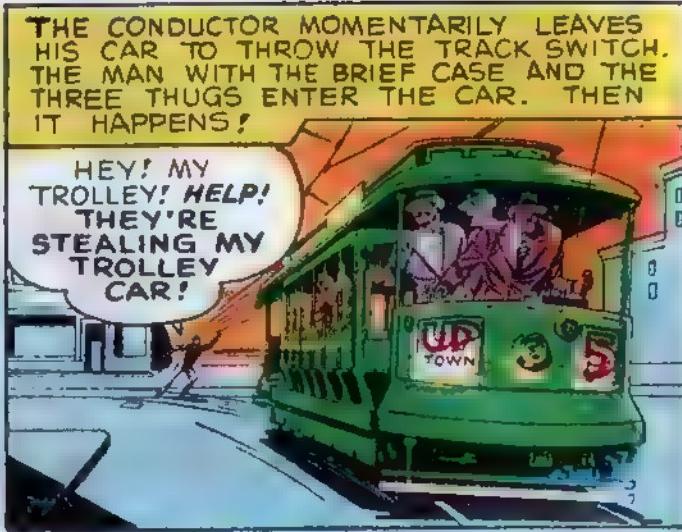
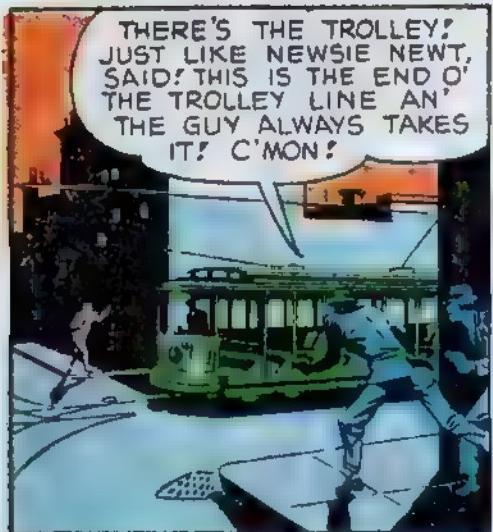
NOW WATCH CAREFULLY: AS A MAN WALKS FROM THE BUILDING, THE NEWSIE SWIFTLY SWITCHES GREEN MAGAZINES FOR THE RED ONES!

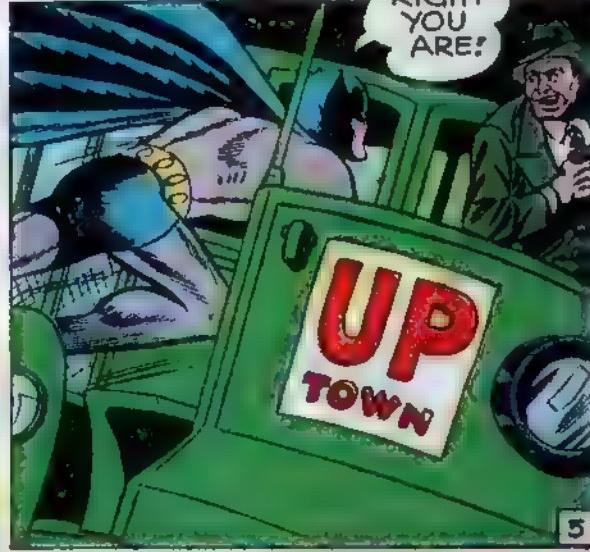
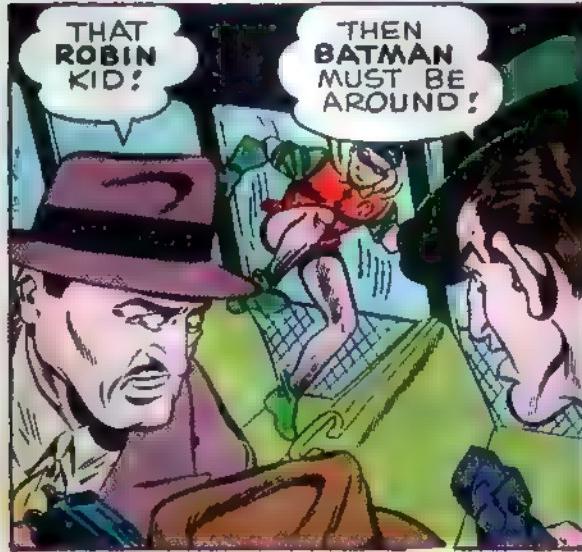
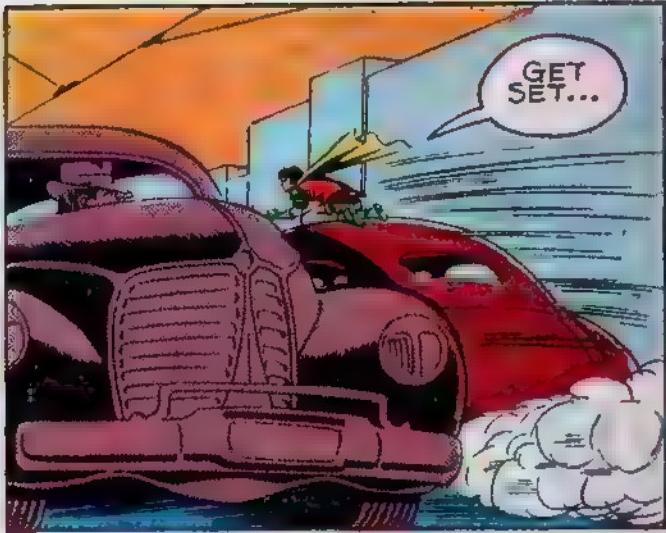
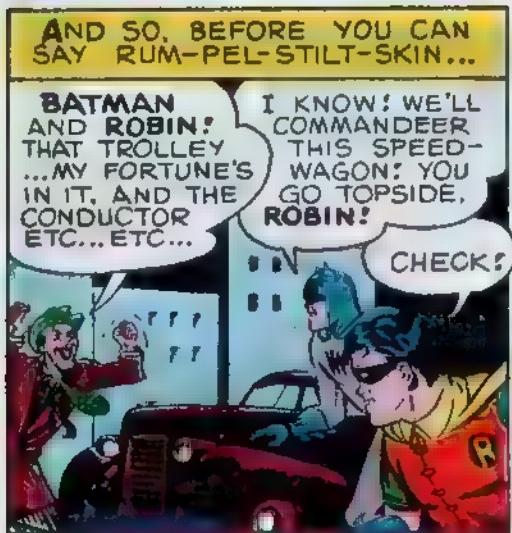


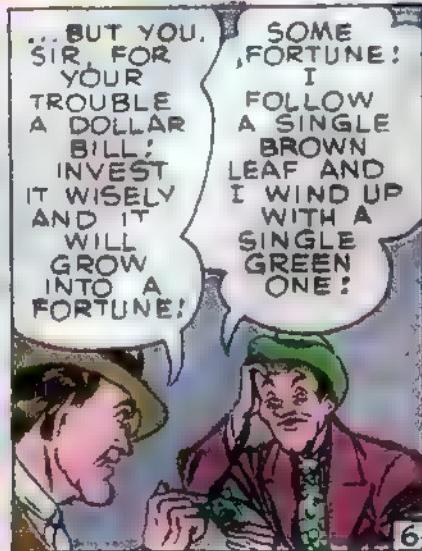
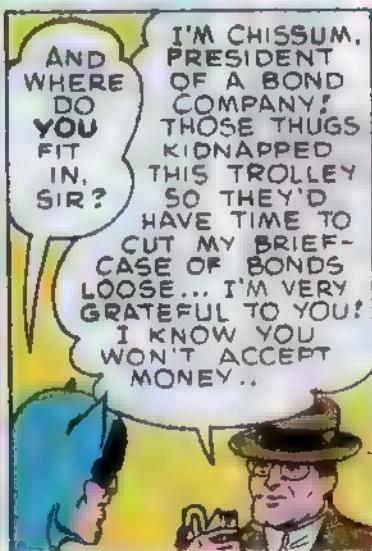
DOWN THE STREET, TIGHT-LIPPED MEN OBSERVE THE NEWSIE'S MANEUVER...

GREEN MAGS! THE GO-AHEAD! NEWSIE NEWT'S PUT THE FINGER ON THE GUY WE GOTTA GET, WITHOUT RISKIN' DIRECT CONTACT WITH US!









**LATER .**

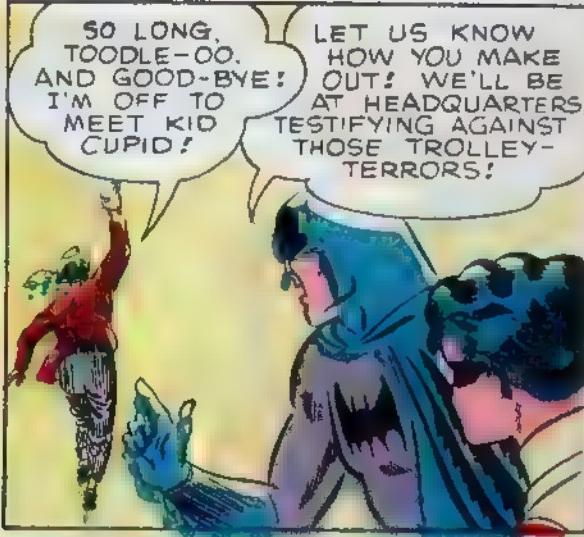
NOW COMES TEA LEAF NUMBER TWO... LOVE! BATMAN, HOW DO YOU KNOW WHEN YOU'RE GA-GA OVER A GAL?

IT'S WHEN YOU KISS HER! IF YOU SUDDENLY FEEL AS IF YOU WERE HIT ON THE HEAD... IF YOU'RE WEAK IN THE KNEES, AND YOU CAN'T SEE STRAIGHT... BROTHER, THAT'S LOVE!



SO LONG, TOODLE-OO. AND GOOD-BYE! I'M OFF TO MEET KID CUPID!

LET US KNOW HOW YOU MAKE OUT! WE'LL BE AT HEADQUARTERS TESTIFYING AGAINST THOSE TROLLEY-TERRORS!



TWO MINUTES LATER... ALLY IS CHASING AFTER TEA LEAF NUMBER TWO...

QUITE A WIND!



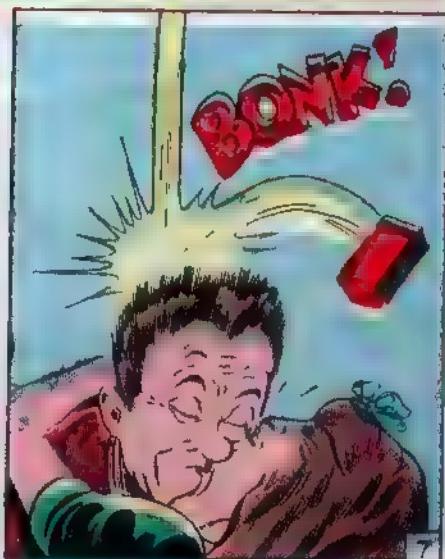
OH! YOU SAVED MY LIFE! THAT CAR WOULD HAVE STRUCK ME! BUT YOU RISKED YOUR LIFE TO SAVE MINE!

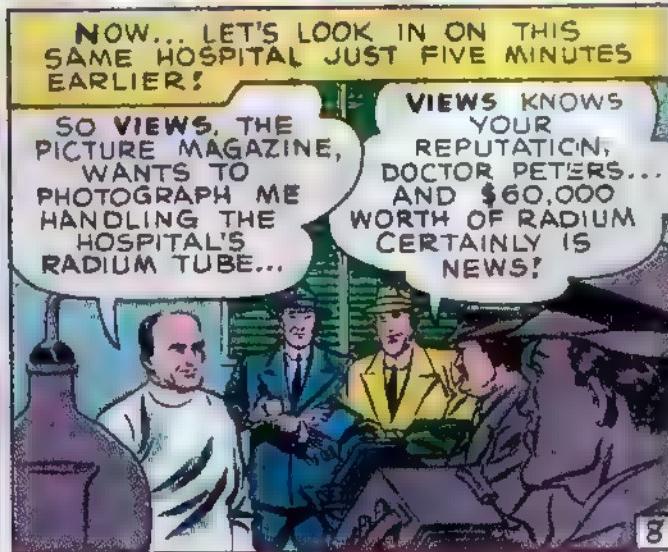
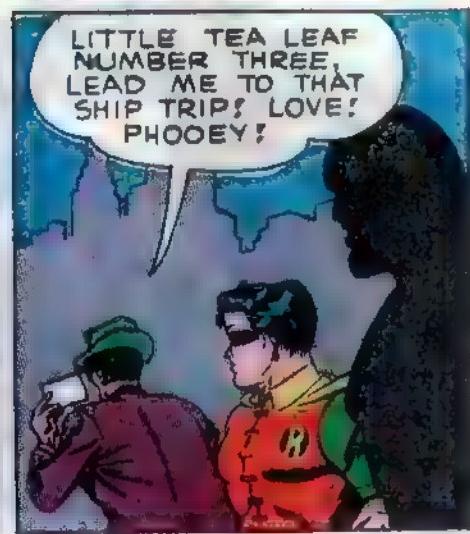
I DID...?

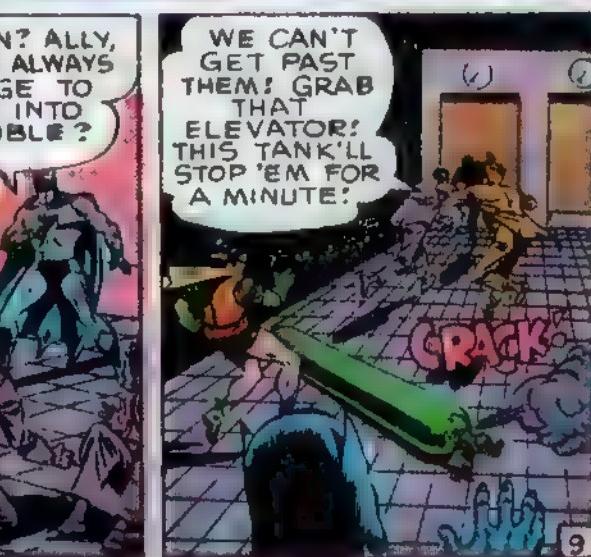
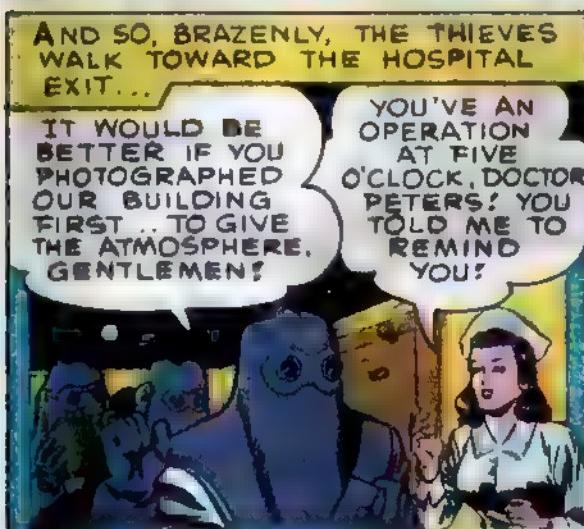
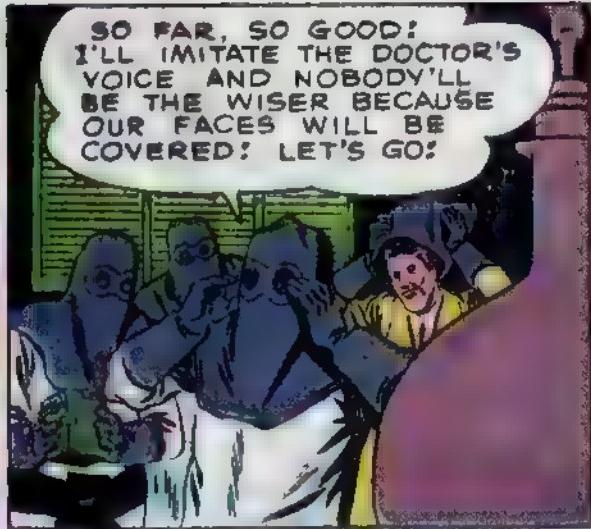


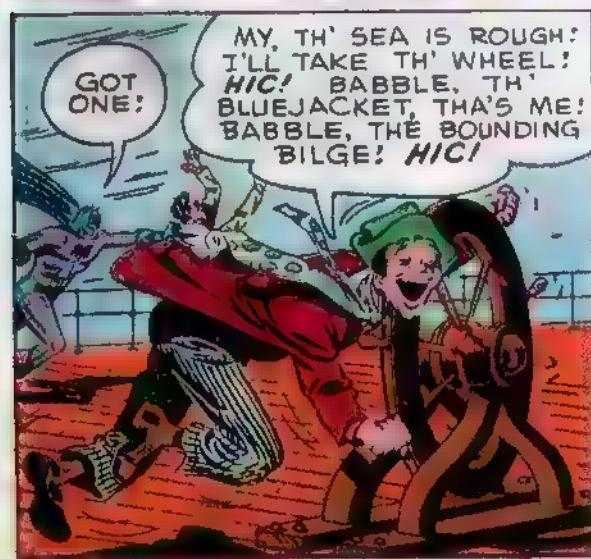
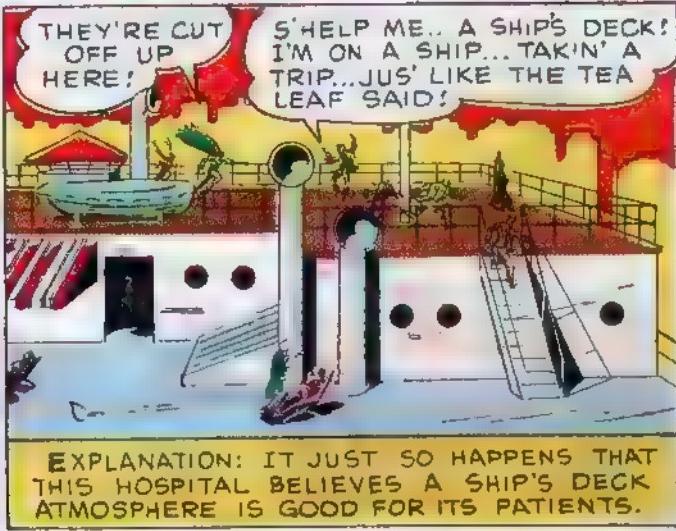
OH OH! LOOK JUST ABOVE THEM! THAT BRICKLAYER IS BEING CARELESS!

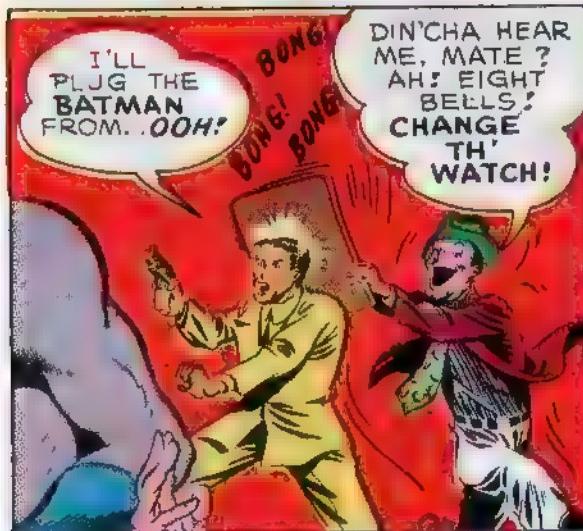
BOINK!















©1965 GENERAL FOODS CORP.

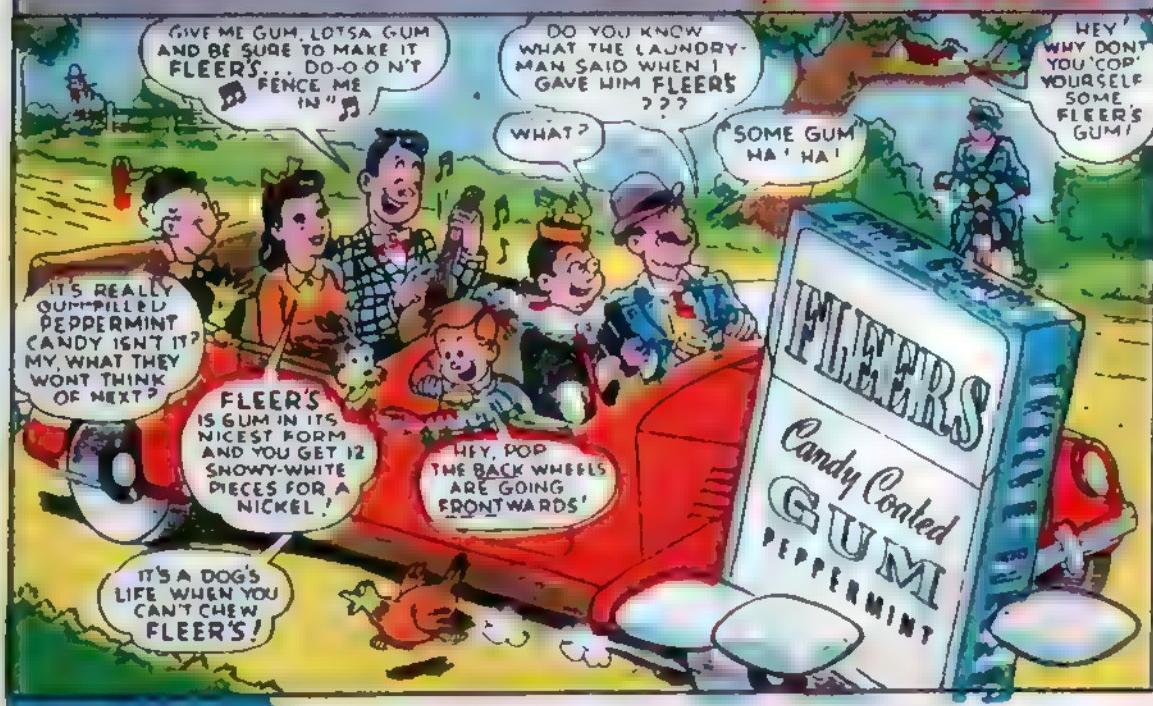
TUNE IN **HOP HARRIGAN**

ABC NETWORK 4:15 MON. THRU FRI.

# DAFFY & DOODLE



## ALL IN FLAVOR... SAY FLEER'S



# NOBODY KNOWS

By

TOM PATRICK

JUDGE CRAIN was dead. Detective Hickey stood over the body. It was still where the maid had found it this morning. The old Judge, who had retired five years ago, was slumped over the bridge table. The cards with which he had been playing solitaire were scattered about the floor and the table top. The two cards in the Judge's right hand were creased and crumpled, as though in the last moment of his life, he had tried to hold onto life by grasping at the fragile pasteboards.

The maid's body shook with convulsive sobs. Hickey realized it was going to be difficult to get coherent answers from her. But it had to be done.

"It's awful having this thing happen to the Judge," the maid wept. "He was always so kind to people." She raised a tear-stained face from her handkerchief. "And why would someone want to shoot a blind man?"

Hickey blinked. "The judge was blind?"

"Yes sir. His sight left him five years ago, right after he retired." She nodded at the cards. "Those are like that . . . what do you call it."

"Braille." Hickey picked up the cards, felt them with his fingertips. The letters were

raised, all dotted, similar to Braille. "Hmmm." Hickey shook his head. He wondered if the killer had known the Judge was blind. The shot had been fired from directly in front of the retired jurist.

"Did the Judge have any enemies you knew of?"

"No sir. Not a one."

Naturally, Hickey thought, she wouldn't think of people the Judge had sentenced. He, Hickey, had seen many of them threaten judges as though those instruments of the law were personally responsible. But still . . . "Okay, you can go now," Hickey said to the maid.

After she had left, he turned his attention to the body again. Death had occurred shortly after 12 o'clock, the coroner had said. Hickey walked over, opened the frozen fingers which still clutched the cards. He looked at them, then back at the solitaire set-up. "Good playing," he murmured. "He would have won."

At the time Hickey was looking at the cards, Eddie King, who had been known as the Ace during his days as a racket boss, was sitting in his hotel room. King was feeling quite satisfied with himself. He had settled, not too long ago, an old score. It was a score

that had taken twelve years to wipe out. But at last, finis.

King could see again, as though it hadn't been just last night, shortly after ten o'clock, the Judge's face.

"He was scared," King thought. "He sure was mighty scared."

"It's your last game of cards," he had whispered, after identifying himself. "You thought I wouldn't make good my threat to kill you, eh Crain. Well, it's me, Ace King. Take a good look."

"No," the Judge had said slowly. "I didn't think you'd come back, Crain. I figured you were yellow like the rest of your breed. But I promised you, if I recall correctly, that you wouldn't get away with my murder. You won't."

The gun barked. . . .

It was two days before Detective Hickey called on King. The latter was in his hotel room. King showed no concern over his caller. "Why should I?" he thought. "Nobody knows."

Nobody had seen him. He had a perfect alibi, the best in the world. He said to Hickey:

"Yes. I did time. But I'm going straight." It really sounded good. He added: "You cops

had better not try to pin anything on me. What am I supposed to have done?"

"Ever hear of Judge Crain?"

"There was a District Attorney named Crain sent me up twelve years ago. Same man?"

"Yes. Remember you said you'd get him?"

King shrugged. "I forgot about that. Twelve years in stir was lesson enough. I'm going straight."

Hickey asked about his movements. King told him. "I didn't leave the place."

"So your fellow workers said." Hickey nodded. "It's a beautiful alibi. A perfect one, I'd say, if there were such a thing."

Hickey lit a cigarette. He seemed to want to be conversational. "Let him," King thought. "They've got nothing on me."

"Funny thing how I came to think of you," Hickey said. "I was running down people the Judge sent to prison, figuring there might be a motive.

I came across your name." He puffed on the cigarette. "Of course I know you're in the clear with that alibi, King, but as I say, no alibi's perfect. You wouldn't know the Judge was playing solitaire at the time he was murdered."

"No, I wouldn't," King said. "I sure wouldn't."

"I guess you wouldn't," Hickey said. "Not unless you were there. I think you were, King."

King stiffened. "What do you mean. You've got no right . . . ."

"Sit down," Hickey said. He went on. "That old Judge was a smart old boy. As I said, he was playing cards. He was also playing with Fate. And Fate was on his side, because she sent him the one man those cards could put the finger on."

Hickey reached into his pocket. He brought out a pair of crumpled cards. "I took these from the dead man's hands," he said. "Look at the suit. Then try to alibi your way out." Hickey's eyes glinted as he drew his gun. "I dare you."

King paled as he saw the two cards. An ace. And a king!

"Ace King!" Hickey said softly. "The old man left a message behind him."

It was a foolish thing for King to do, try to grab Hickey's gun. It cost him a shattered shoulder before they carted him off, babbling incoherently to jail. . . .

Later, Hickey said to his captain. "It was only a hunch, Captain, but I had to try it."

The captain said: "The Judge was sure smart, holding onto those two cards."

"He didn't," Hickey said softly. "He had a trey and a nine of hearts in his hand when he died. But those two cards gave me an idea, especially when I read in the old newspaper files about Ace King's threat." He winked at his superior. "King's confessed, Captain, and about those two cards, well, nobody knows but you and me."

The captain smiled. "That's right, Hickey," he said. "Nobody knows."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 14, 1912,  
AND MARCH 3, 1933 OF BATMAN, published bi-monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1943.

State of New York }  
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public to and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared J. B. Liebowitz, who, having been duly sworn according to law deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the BATMAN and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation) etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 14, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933 embodied in section 237 Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor managing editor and business managers are Publisher, Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, P. W. Elsworth, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, J. B. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and immediately thereafter the name and address of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.) Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.; P. W. Elsworth, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.; P. M. Baumiller, 480 Lexington Ave., New

Tech 17, N. Y.; J. S. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders holding or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None

4. That the two paragraphs hereabove, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing all facts material to the knowledge and belief of the holder who does not appear upon the books of the company as trustee, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and that this statement has been made under oath, that if any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him

J. S. LIEBOWITZ, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1943.  
ALPHRED B. YAFFE, Notary Public (Commission expires March 28, 1948)



# THE Adventures of ALFRED

A SLEUTH'S FIRST JOB IS TO TRAIL HIS MAN.... AND ALFRED, THE BUTLING DETECTIVE, FOLLOWS HIS ELUSIVE QUARRY TO THE END... AN UNEXPECTED END... AS HE CLINGS TENACIOUSLY TO THE CLUE OF THE...

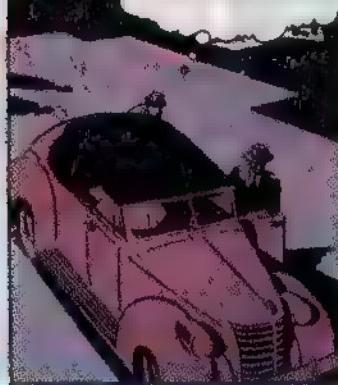
## \*TIRED TRACKS\*

PERFECTING HIMSELF IN HIS SPARE-TIME PROFESSION OF DETECTIVE, ALFRED MAKES A STUDY OF TIRE-TRACKS...

THIS KIND'S RATHER UNUSUAL. IF THIS CAR BELONGED TO A THIEF, I'D HAVE NO TROUBLE AT ALL TRAILING HIM.



AH! PERHAPS IT DOES BELONG TO A THIEF... THAT BLOKE LOOKS EXTREMELY SUSPICIOUS.



HEY, SNOOPER... BEAT IT!



I BEG YOUR PARDON, GENTLEMEN, I AM NOT SNOOPING. I AM MERELY STUDYING THESE TIRES.



YEAH? WELL, WHATEVER YOU'RE DOIN', YOU'RE IN DA WAY, SEE?

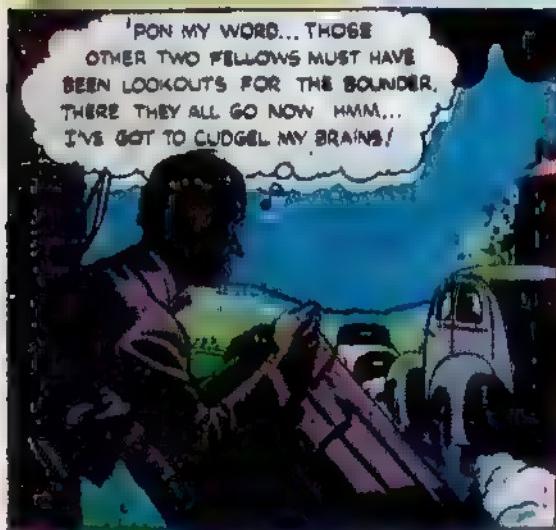
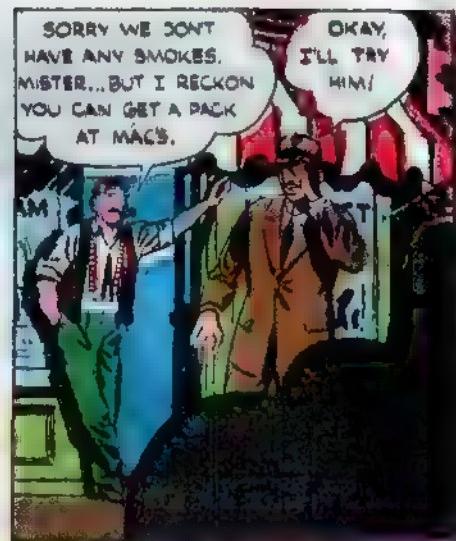
MY WORD!

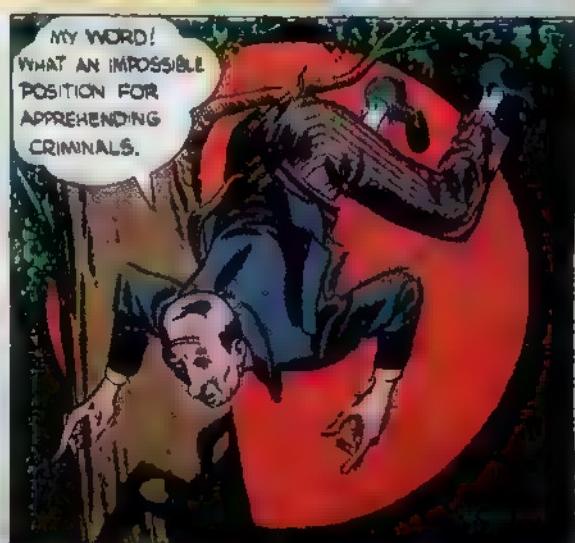


I'LL FIX HIS CLOCK SHIFTY... WE AINT GOT TIME TO FOOL AROUND.

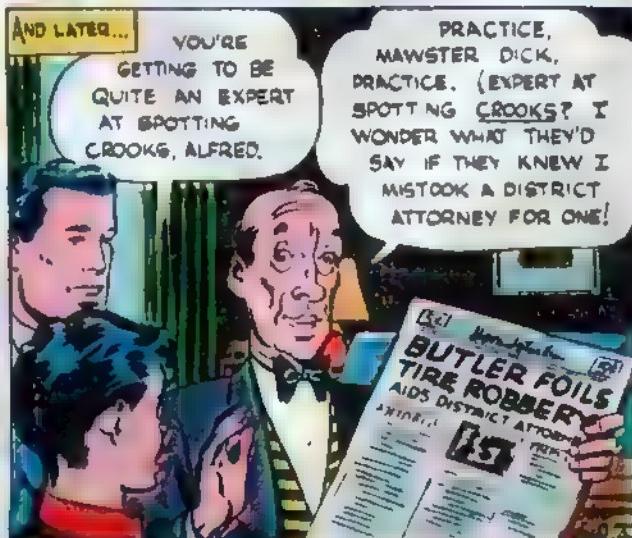
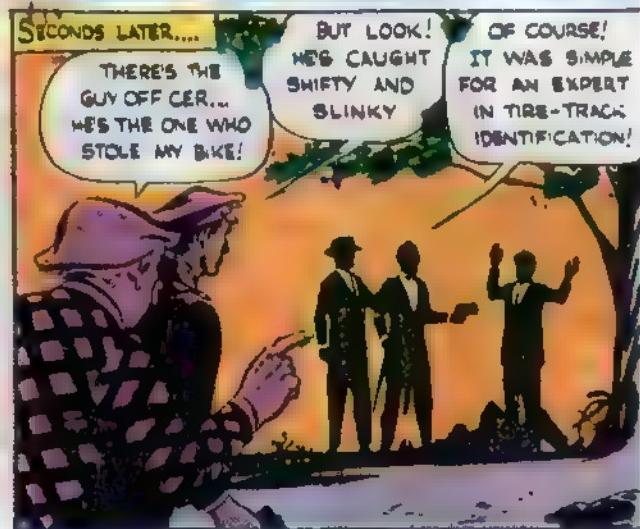
OOPS!

# BATMAN





# BATMAN



# Byron NELSON

CHAMPION ATHLETE  
OF 1945

PAR FOR  
WHEATIES  
IS TWO BOWLS



RECORDS SHATTERED AS  
NELSON BLASTED THRU THE 1945  
SPORT SEASON. IN OCTOBER, HE  
SET A NEW WORLD'S MARK FOR  
72 HOLES OF TOURNAMENT  
GOLF. HIS AMAZING 259 WAS  
21 STROKES UNDER PAR

"WANT TO BE A GOLF CHAMPION?"  
--THAT'S THE TITLE OF TWO BOOKS  
IN WHEATIES NEW LIBRARY OF  
SPORTS WRITTEN BY CHAMPION  
GENE SARAZEN (FOR BOYS) AND  
CHAMPION PATTY BERG (FOR GIRLS).  
THESE BOOKS HAND YOU THE  
RIGHT START TOWARD BEING  
A REAL CHAMPION. WHEATIES  
PACKAGE GIVES COMPLETE  
INFORMATION ON HOW TO GET  
IN ALL-STAR SPORTS MANUALS.



PRACTICALLY INVINCIBLE  
DURING 1945, NELSON  
WON 18 MAJOR TOUR-  
NAMENT CHAMPION-  
SHIPS -- MORE THAN  
ANYONE ELSE  
IN GOLF  
HISTORY

THE BIG  
POCKET  
IS FOR  
WHEATIES



"WHEATIES SURE KNOCK  
THE SPOTS OFF ANYTHING  
I'VE EVER TASTED IN THE  
LINE OF BREAKFAST FOODS,"  
SAYS CHAMPION BYRON  
NELSON. "A BIG BOWL OF  
WHEATIES WITH LOTS OF  
MILK AND FRUIT IS A  
GREAT BREAKFAST DISH  
-- ONE YOU WON'T  
WANT TO MISS."



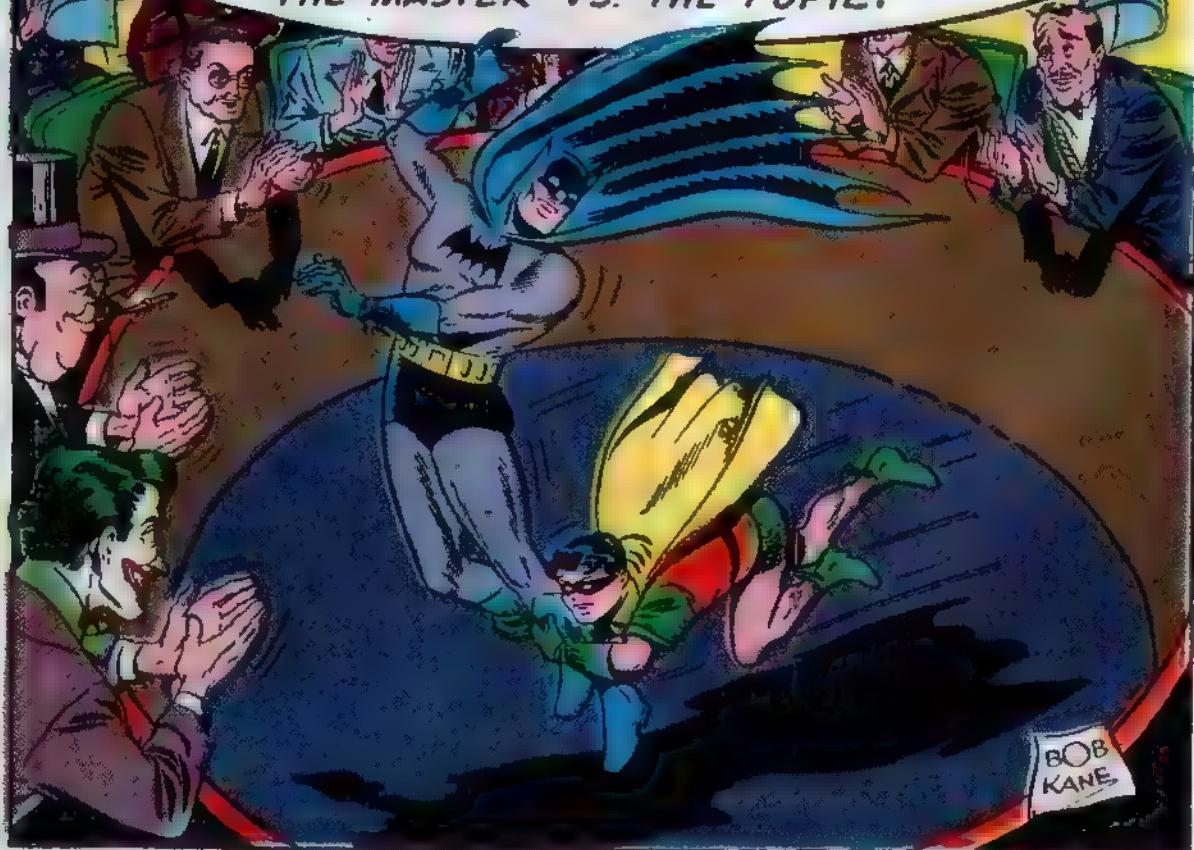
"WHEATIES" THE "Breakfast of Champions"  
© 1945 Quaker Oats Company

# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**  
- THE BOY WONDER -

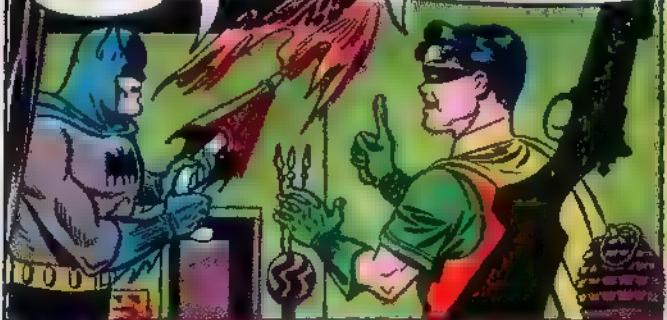
NO THRILL IN LIFE SURPASSES THAT OF THE MANHUNT—  
YET FEW PEOPLE REALIZE THAT IT IS A TWO-WAY  
THRILL, WITH THE FUGITIVE KEYED TO TERRIFIC  
EXCITEMENT AS HE USES EVERY TRICK AND WILE TO  
OUTWIT HIS PURSUER... BUT THOSE MIGHTIEST OF  
ALL MANHUNTERS, BATMAN AND ROBIN, HAVE NEVER  
KNOWN THE QUARRY'S SIDE OF THE PERILOUS GAME—  
TILL NOW, WHEN ONE IS PITTED AGAINST THE OTHER  
FOR THE FIRST TIME, GIVING US A BREATHLESS  
DISPLAY OF SKILL AND WITS AND SPINE-TINGLING

ACTION IN THE AMAZING BATTLE OF—  
**"THE MASTER VS. THE PUPIL!"**



IN THE SECRET TROPHY HALL OF THOSE TWO FAMOUS CRIME-SMASHERS, BATMAN AND ROBIN...

THE PENGUIN MADE THINGS PRETTY HOT FOR US WITH THIS UMBRELLA THAT SQUIRTS LIQUID FIRE! BUT WE FOOLED HIM WITH THOSE ASBESTOS SHIELDS! THAT WAS MY IDEA, REMEMBER?



HERE'S THE MASK THE JOKER TRIED TO DISGUISE HIMSELF WITH! I SAW THROUGH THAT DISGUISE IN A HURRY!

YOU WOULDN'T BE BRAGGING, WOULD YOU?



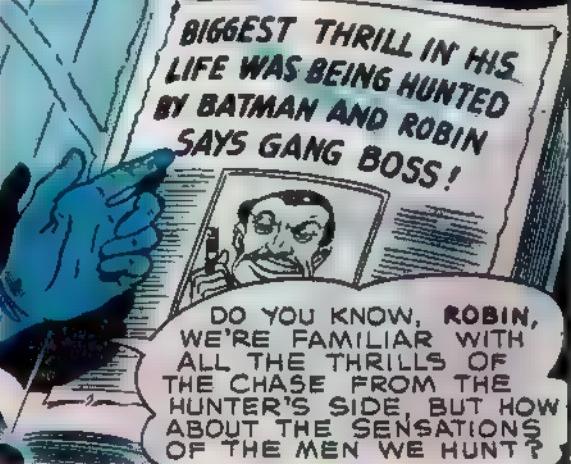
WHEN YOU WRITE MY BIOGRAPHY, BATMAN, JUST POINT OUT THAT ROBIN ALWAYS GETS HIS MAN!



DON'T LOOK NOW, ROBIN, BUT I THINK MAYBE SOMEONE'S HEAD IS SWELLING...

I'VE OFTEN THOUGHT OF THAT! BUT, AFTER ALL, WE CAN'T GO MANHUNTING FOR OURSELVES, CAN WE?

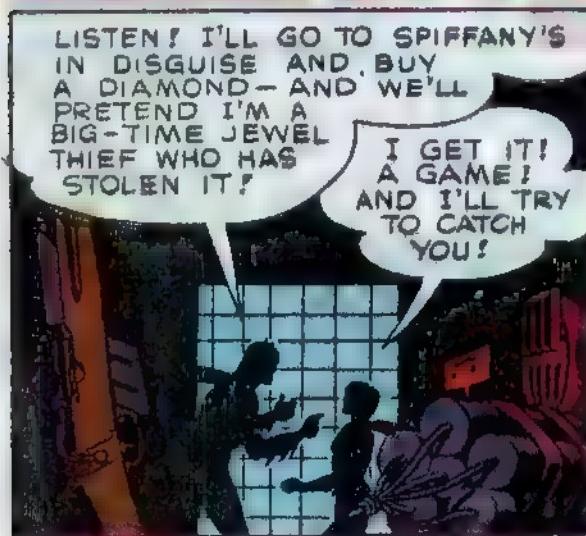
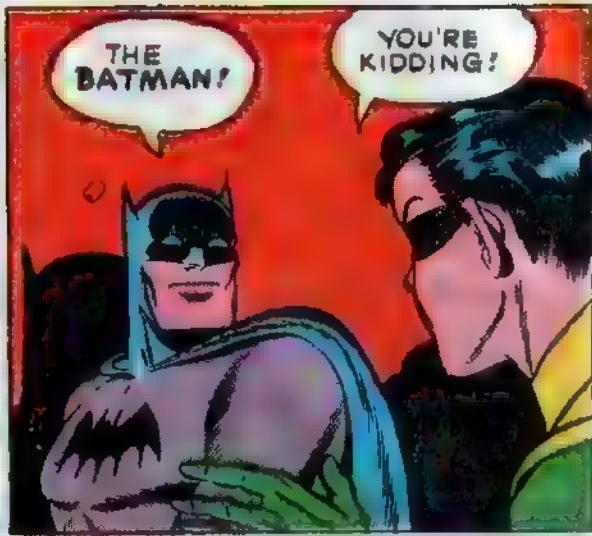
HMM...



SINCE YOU'RE SO SURE OF YOURSELF—HOW'D YOU LIKE TO GO AFTER A REALLY TOUGH CUSTOMER?

SWELL! WHEN DO WE START?

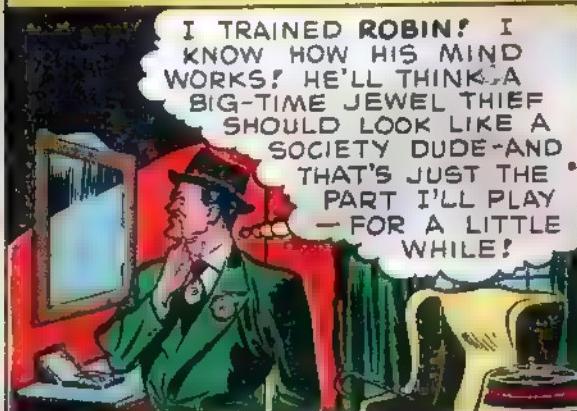




So begins one of the strangest adventures in the colorful career of the Dynamic Duo! It's a game, yes—but one that has its perilous moments, and more surprises than you could possibly guess! 3



THE BATMAN BECOMES BRUCE WAYNE — AND IN A HOTEL ROOM, WITH THE AID OF HIS SPECIAL MAKEUP KIT...



MINUTES LATER, IN SPIFFANY'S EXCLUSIVE JEWELRY SHOP...



AS "MR. DUBOIS" LEAVES THE STORE, HE PAUSES AT A SIDEWALK PHOTOGRAPHER'S STAND...



NEXT...



AS THE TAXI ROLLS TOWARD THE HAVEN OF GOTHAM CITY'S NE'ER-DO-WELLS, BATMAN DISGUISES HIMSELF...



PRESENTLY...



AN HOUR LATER ...

HMM..TALL, YOU SAY... WELL BUILT... CARRIES CANE... WEARS MONOCLE... NAME, DU BOIS... BUT RESIDENCE, RITZ PLAZA! WHY ARE YOU AFTER HIM, ROBIN? THANKS!

HE PAID FOR THE DIAMOND!

HMM... A PRETTY GOOD DESCRIPTION, BUT IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN, BATMAN WOULD WANT ME TO BE EVEN MORE CERTAIN OF WHAT HE LOOKED LIKE!

AH - THAT PHOTOGRAPH!



PAID ME \$10 TO PUT HIS PICTURE WHERE FOLKS COULD SEE IT, ROBIN! REAL NICE FELLA, THOUGH...

HMM... I KNOW EXACTLY HOW BATMAN'S MIND WORKS! HE'D WANT HIS PURSUER TO THINK HE LOOKED LIKE A DUDE,

BECAUSE HE INTENDED SOON TO LOOK LIKE THE VERY OPPOSITE!

BUT FINDING ONE BUM AMONG ALL THE BUMS OF GOTHAM CITY IS JUST ABOUT IMPOSSIBLE —

NICE FELLA, ALL RIGHT... I SPILLED DEVELOPING FLUID OVER HIS PANTS, BUT HE JUST LAUGHED IT OFF!



THE INFORMATION ABOUT THE DEVELOPING FLUID SENDS ROBIN HOT-FOOTING TO — AN ELECTRICAL SHOP!

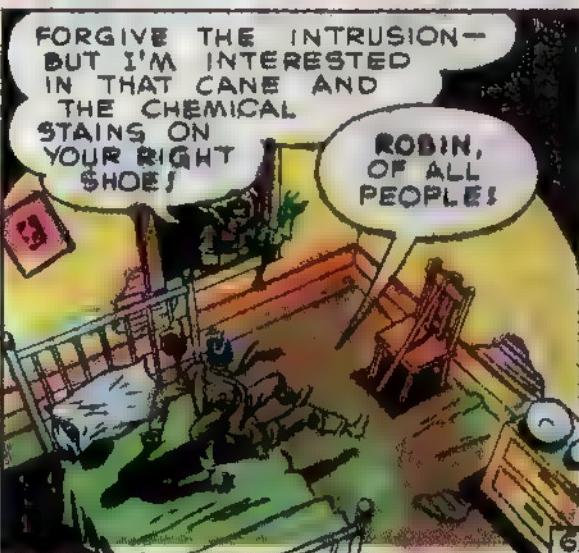
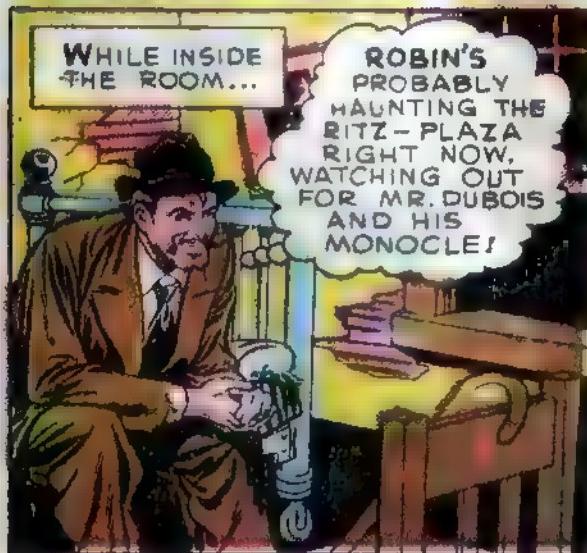
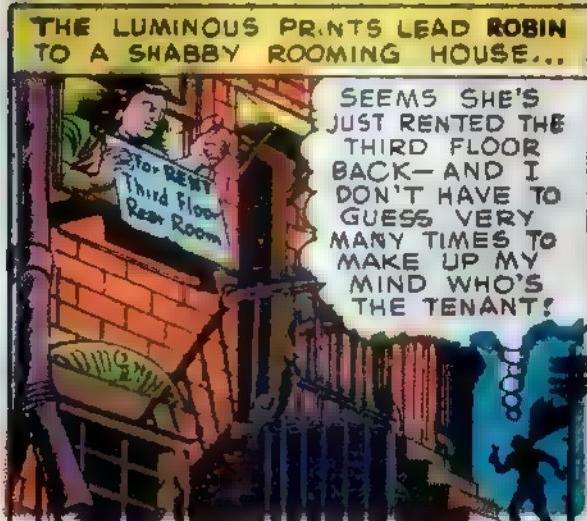
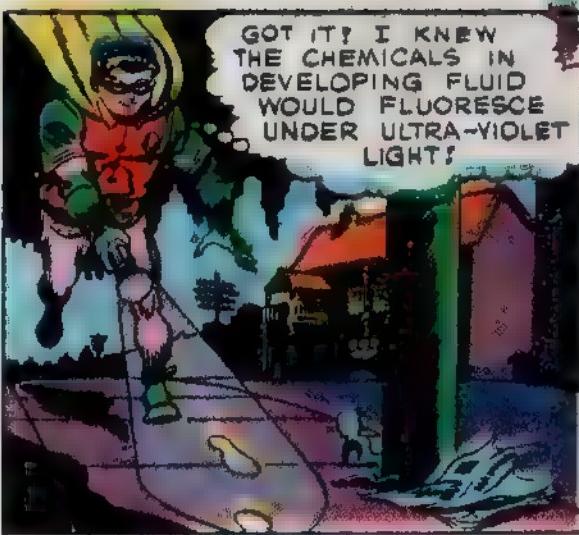
HERE IT IS — BUT YOU CAN'T SEE MUCH WITH THAT KIND OF BULB!

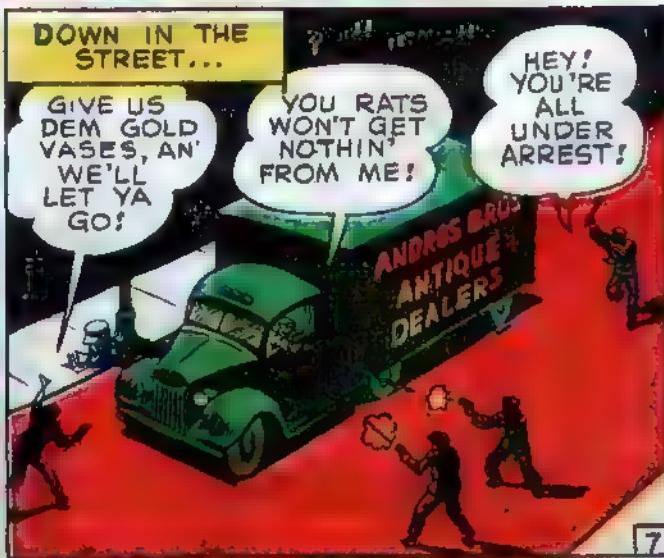
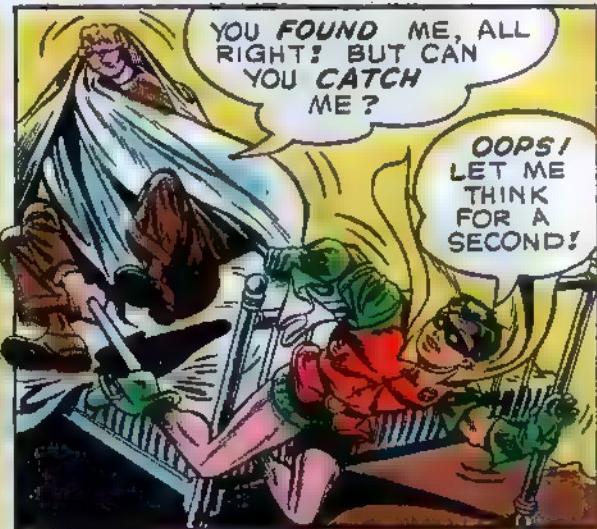
THANKS! I HOPE TO SEE A LOTS!

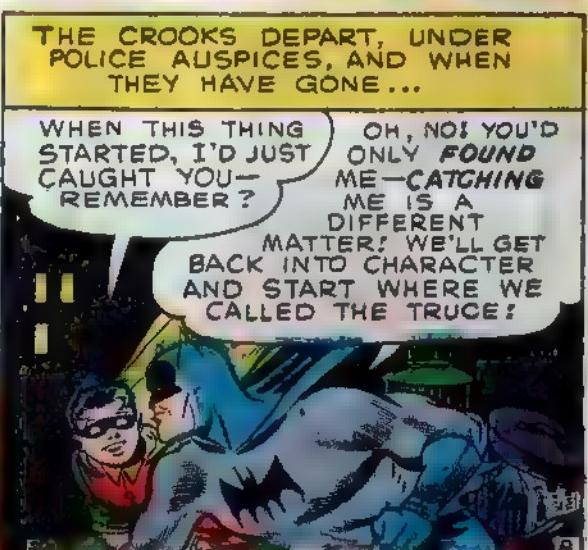
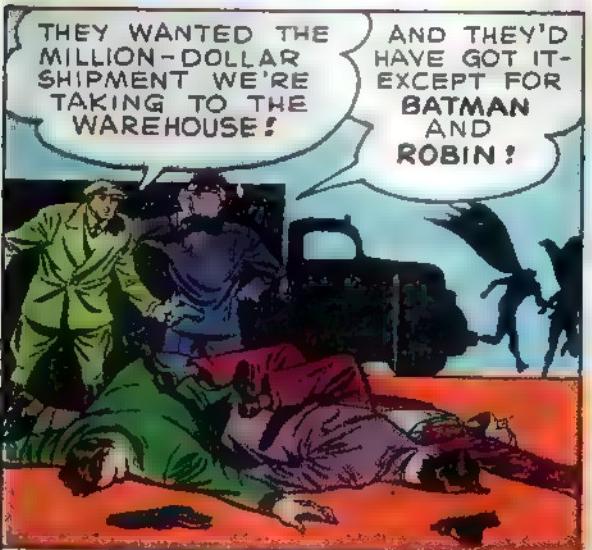
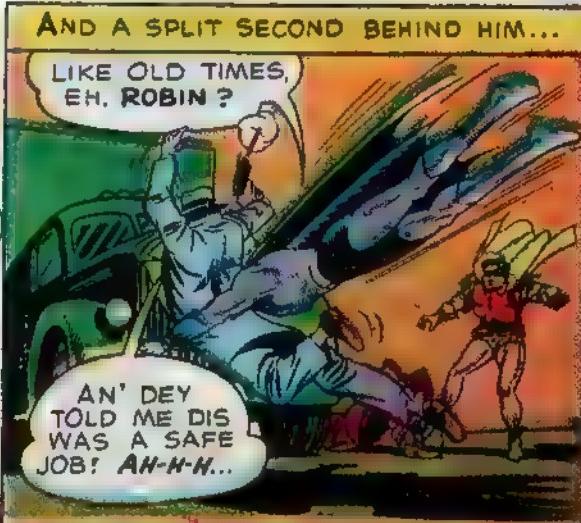
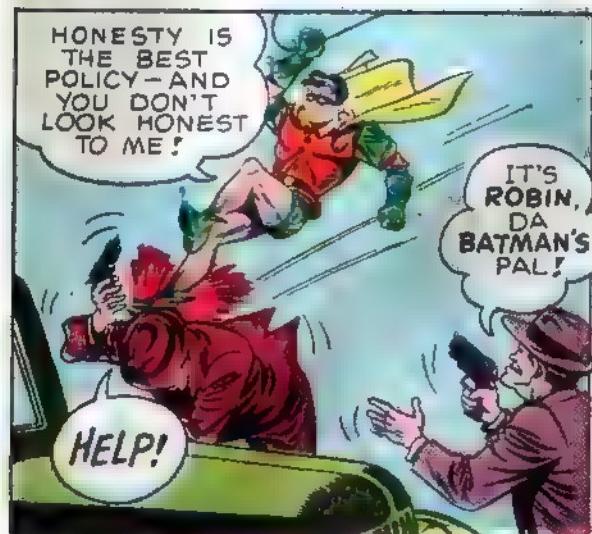
AND AS DUSK FALLS, ROBIN HASTENS DOWNTOWN, INTO THE GRIMY STREETS OF THE HALF-WORLD!

ROBIN! IF DAT BIG PAL O' HIS, DA BATMAN, IS AROUND, IT MEANS DA HEAT IS ON AN' WE BETTER LAM!











SO YOU LEARNED ABOUT THAT DEVELOPING FLUID I COLLECTED, AND TRAILED ME WITH "BLACK LIGHT," EH? THAT WAS CLEVER!

NATURALLY! AND SO WAS MY FIGURING OUT THAT YOU'D SWITCH YOUR DISGUISE AND COME DOWN HERE!

NO POINT IN GETTING BACK INTO THE SAME DISGUISE, NOW THAT YOU'VE PENETRATED IT! BUT IF YOU'LL SWITCH ON THAT WALL LIGHT...

OKAY—BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO ADMIT I OUTSMARTED YOU!

AS THE ELECTRIC BULB FLASHES ON, A PALE VAPOR IS RELEASED BY THE HEAT...

WHAT—?  
(COUGH)  
IT'S GAS!

A HARMLESS GAS—  
BUT ONE THAT'LL  
TEACH YOU NOT TO  
TRUST A DESPERATE  
CHARACTER LIKE  
ME, YOUNG FELLA!

SOUND ASLEEP! HE WON'T FEEL HAPPY ABOUT THIS—BUT IT'LL REDUCE HIS OVERCONFIDENCE, WHICH IS BAD FOR ANYBODY IN OUR BUSINESS!

SOMETIME LATER...

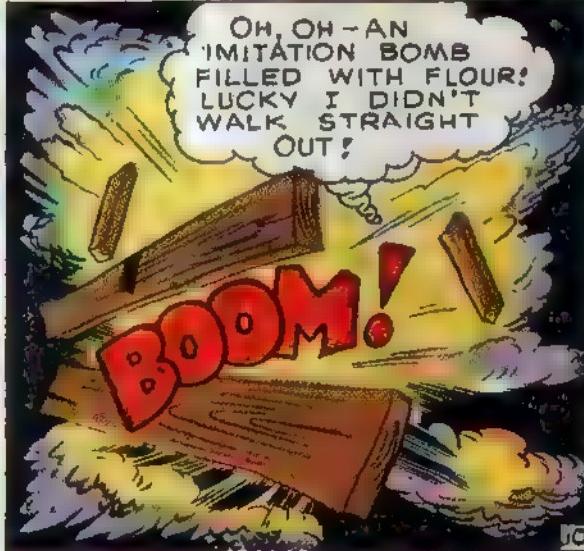
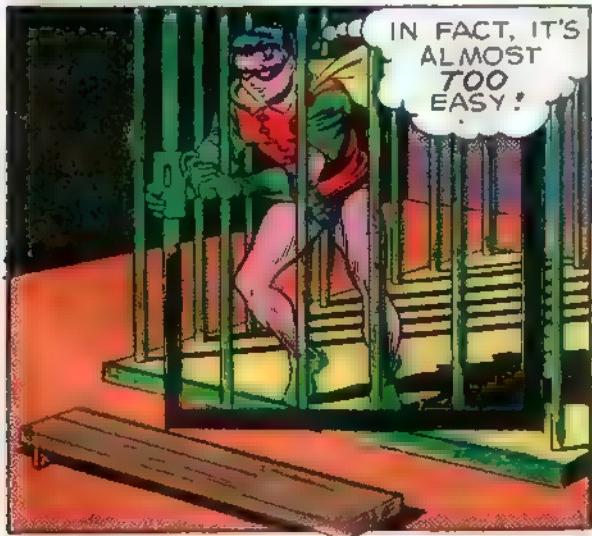
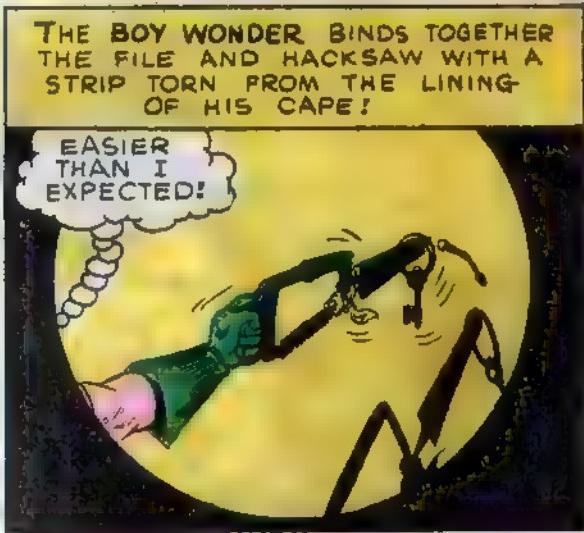
THEORETICALLY,  
YOU'RE A PRISONER  
IN DUBOIS' SECRET  
HIDEOUT! ACTUALLY,  
YOU'RE IN THE BAT  
CAVE IN THE CELL WE  
USE FOR PRACTISING  
ESCAPES!

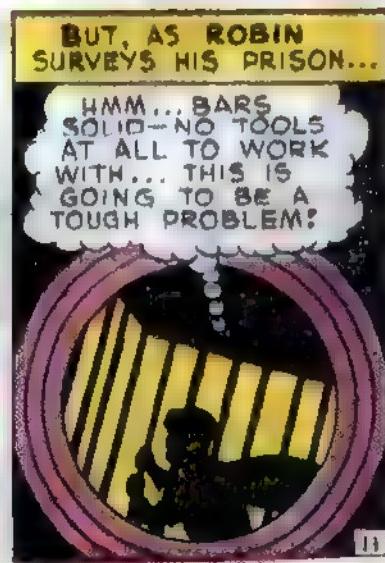
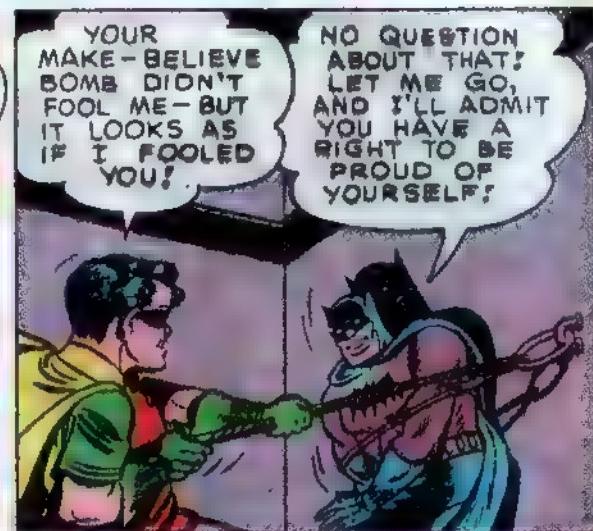
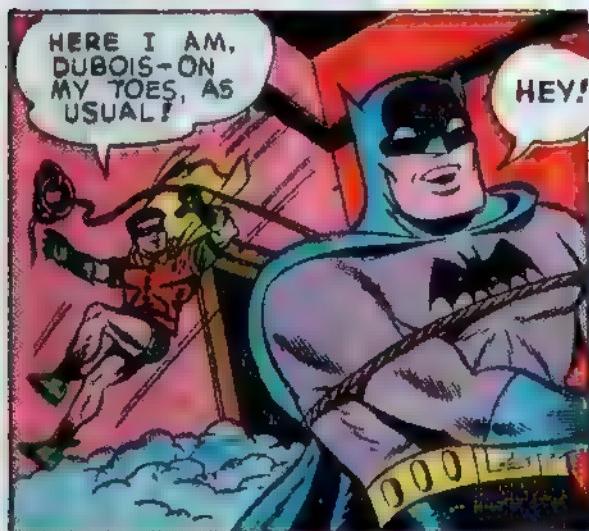
WH—WHERE AM I?

THERE'S A WAY OUT—if  
YOU CAN FIND IT! I'LL  
LEAVE YOU TO YOUR OWN  
DEVICES!

I WON'T BE HERE LONG!

HMM—A FILE  
AND A HACKSAW!  
BUT THAT'S TOO  
OBVIOUS A WAY OUT!  
PROBABLY ANOTHER  
TRICK!





AN HOUR PASSES...

HE SAID THERE  
WAS A WAY OUT—  
BUT I'M BEGINNING  
TO THINK HE WAS  
BLUFFING!

AND ANOTHER—AND  
THIS TIME THINGS  
ARE VERY DIFFERENT!

BATMAN!  
BATMAN!  
LET ME  
OUT!

CALLING  
ME? YOU  
DON'T  
SEEM  
TO BE  
MAKING  
MUCH  
PROGRESS!

I'LL ADMIT  
I'M LICKED  
THIS TIME?  
I CAN'T MAKE  
IT—AND I'M  
GETTING  
HUNGRY,  
TIRED AND  
THIRSTY!

WHY DON'T  
YOU TRY  
THE DOOR?  
**IT ISN'T  
LOCKED!**

THE DOOR? NOT  
LOCKED? WHY,  
I—I NEVER  
THOUGHT OF  
THAT!

THAT SHOWS YOU  
SHOULD NEVER  
OVERLOOK THE  
OBVIOUS, NO  
MATTER HOW  
SMART YOU  
THINK YOU  
ARE!

DON'T RUB IT  
IN, BATMAN!  
YOU'VE TAUGHT  
ME A LESSON!  
I GUESS I  
HAVE A FEW  
THINGS TO  
LEARN AFTER  
ALL!

DON'T TAKE IT TOO  
HARD! YOU'RE STILL  
THE BEST FIGHTING  
PARTNER ANY  
CRIME-BUSTER  
COULD WANT!

IF I AM,  
IT'S  
YOUR  
TRAINING  
THAT  
MADE  
ME!

AND EVEN IF WE  
CAN OUTGUESS  
EACH OTHER ONCE  
IN A WHILE—THERE  
ISN'T A CROOK IN  
THE WORLD WHO  
HAS EVER  
OUTGUESSED EITHER  
OF US!

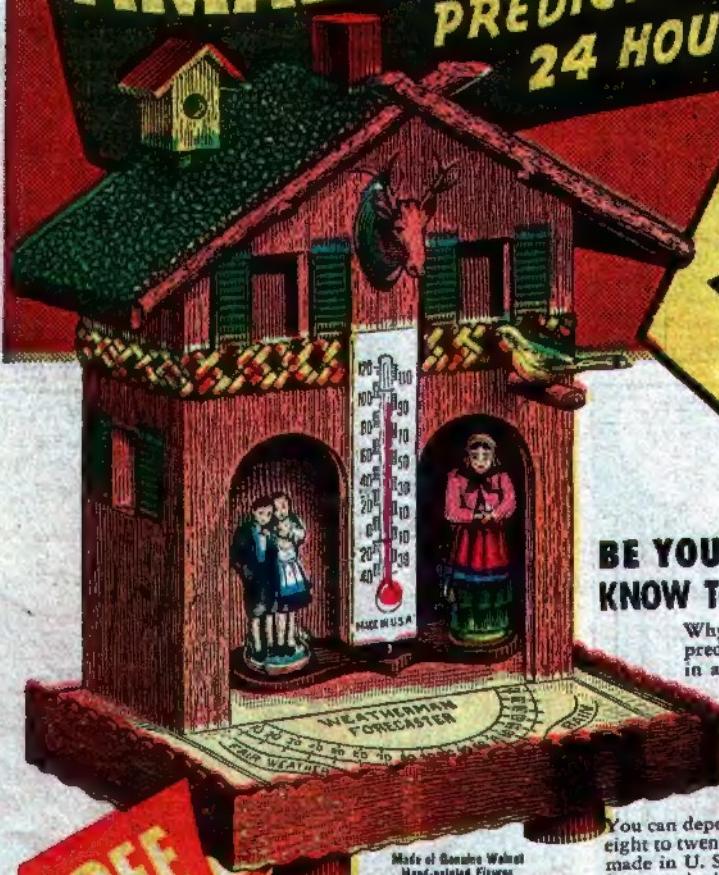
RIGHT!  
AND  
TOGETHER  
WE'RE  
BETTER  
STILL!

THE  
END

OUTGUESS THE WEATHERMAN

# AMAZING FORECASTER

PREDICTS THE WEATHER  
24 HOURS IN ADVANCE



YOURS TO TEST  
ON OUR  
MONEY BACK OFFER

#### IMPORTANT

This is not a cheap, un-dependable storm glass (or plastic house). The Weatherman Weather House is the original "Swiss" Weather House which actually tells you the weather in advance. Beware of imitations.

#### BE YOUR OWN WEATHERMAN... KNOW TOMORROW'S WEATHER TODAY

Why pay \$5 or \$10 for a barometer when you can predict the weather yourself, at home, 8 to 24 hours in advance, with this accurate, inexpensive Weather

House forecaster. It's made like a little Swiss cottage, with a thatched green roof and small green shutters. Inside the house is an old witch and a little boy and girl. When the weather's going to be fine, the little boy and girl come out in front. But when bad weather is on the way the old witch makes an appearance. There is an easy-to-read thermometer on the front of the cottage that shows you the exact temperature.

You can depend on knowing the condition of the weather from eight to twenty-four hours in advance with this Weather House, made in U. S. A. . . . Everyone—business men, house wives, teachers, farmers, school children, laborers, doctors, lawyers, ministers, clubs and colleges can now predict the weather in advance. Here is positively the most amazing advertising offer we have ever made.

YOU'LL MARVEL AT ITS ACCURACY

**SEND NO MONEY**

#### Sent to You on 100% Satisfaction Guarantee

Test the Weather House for accuracy. When it works, see how perfectly it predicts the weather in advance, then if you don't agree it's worth many dollars more than the small cost, simply return your Weather House within 10 days and get your money back promptly in full without question. Almost every day of your life is affected in some way by the weather, and it's such a satisfaction to have a reliable indication of what the weather will be. The Weather House comes to you complete and ready to use. Ideal for gifts and bridge prizes. It will bring pleasure to everyone in your family. The price is only \$1.69 C.O.D.

**DOUBLE VALUE COUPON — MAIL TODAY**

The Weather Man, Dept. NB  
29 East Madison Street  
Chicago 2, Illinois

**10 DAY TRIAL COUPON**

- Rush (1) "Swiss" Weather House and Free Good Luck Leaf. On arrival, I will pay postage \$1.69 plus postage with the understanding that the Weather House is guaranteed to work accurately. I can return the Weather House for any reason within 10 days and get my money back.
- Send C.O.D.  I Enclose \$1.69. Postage Prepaid.  2 for \$2.98
- 6 for \$4.00  12 for \$4.50.  Send Five Leaf only.

Name.....

(Please print plainly)

Address.....

City.....

#### HERE'S WHAT WEATHER HOUSE OWNERS SAY

"My neighbors now phone me to find out what the weather is going to be. We certainly think the Weather House is marvelous."

Mrs. J. S. Amsterdam, Ohio

"Please rush 6 more Weather Houses. I want to give them away as gifts. They are wonderful."

Mrs. I. F. Booth, Maine

"Ever since I got my Weather House I've been able to plan my affairs a day ahead. It's wonderful."

Mrs. D. L. B., Shenandoah, Iowa

FREE  
Good Luck  
Leaf

No Purchase Required  
for Leaf Only



EACH TINY PLANT  
PRODUCES THIS

# Smart Saddle Leather ZIPPER Billfold!



Only \$2.98

**Men, Here's The Most Beautiful Billfold You've Ever Seen at this Low Price.**

You've never known real Billfold satisfaction until you've used this "Zip-All-Around" De Luxe Pass Case Billfold with its Built-In Change Purse; its roomy Currency Compartment; its Secret Pocket for extra valuables. A veritable storehouse for everything a man likes to carry with him. Exterior is of genuine Saddle Leather designed in pictoresque style of the West. Two-tone illustrations are stamped by hand right into the leather itself. A Billfold of unusual beauty with many unusual and serviceable features. An outstanding value at only \$2.98 plus tax. SEND NO MONEY. Just mail coupon and pay postman on arrival. If not thrilled and delighted return in 10 days for full refund.



**Send No Money RUSH THIS COUPON**

ILLINOIS MERCHANTISE MART, Dept. 9129-A  
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.

Please rush me \_\_\_\_\_ Smart Saddle Leather Zipper Billfold Case Billfold with  
Illustrations. On arrival I will pay postman only \$2.98 plus 20¢ Federal  
Tax and few cents postage and C.O.D. charges. If I am not  
positively thrilled and delighted in every way I can return the billfold within 10 days  
for full refund.

NAME ..... (PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

ADDRESS ..... (PRINT)

CITY ..... STATE .....

I have shipping charges I am one  
Postage or telephone \$0.10 each. 10¢ per  
Federal license tax (total \$0.30).

Please ship my Billfold order all post-  
age charges prepaid.

# BOYS! MEN! PLASTIC COMPASS \$1.98

## New UNBREAKABLE, Wrist Watch Type Liquid Compass With Luminous Dial

Here's the compass all America has been waiting for. It's similar in construction to the liquid type Airplane and pocket compass used by the U. S. Air Corps. What a compass this is! It's shock-proof! Water-proof! Precision perfect! Made to give superior performance under any and all climatic conditions. Will not freeze at even 40° below zero. Works perfectly under a blazing sun. The ideal compass for everyone—Boy Scouts, hunters, fishermen, campers, motorists, and all sports lovers. This newest, wrist watch style, luminous, Plastic Compass, sealed air-tight in liquid, is ready to accurately direct your movements all hours of the day or night. Unfailing and unbreakable. Think of it! You can own this remarkable compass for the sensational low price of only \$1.98, complete with smartly styled wristband.



FOR BOY SCOUTS



FOR CAMPING



FOR HUNTING

EXAMINE  
FOR 10 DAYS  
AT OUR RISK

Take this Plastic Compass with you when you go on hikes, on camping or fishing trips, on hunting or boating excursions, bicycling or horseback riding. You'll find there's nothing as important and useful to you as a good compass when you need it. At this low price, every man and boy should have this remarkable compass. SEND NO MONEY! Just rush your order on the coupon below. Upon arrival, pay postman only \$1.98 C. O. D. plus few cents postage charge on our no-risk-money-back-guarantee. If not thrilled and delighted with the way it looks and performs, return the compass within 10 days and we'll refund your money in full.



Here Are  
the Features  
Which Make This  
"America's Greatest  
Compass Buy"

- Latest Type Plastic Case
- Luminous "See in the Dark" Dial
- Shatterproof, Shock-proof, Water-proof Construction
- Shows Degrees in all Directions
- Airplane-Type "Sealed in Liquid" Unbreakable Compass
- Withstands heat—will not freeze
- Newest Wrist Watch-Style Design



**SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!**

ILLINOIS MERCHANTISE MART, Dept. 248-A  
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.

Gentlemen: Rush me the Wrist Watch Type PLASTIC COMPASS as described above on your no-risk 10 day Money Back Guarantee Offer. I will pay postman only \$1.98 plus postage on arrival with the understanding that if I am not completely satisfied I can return it within 10 days for full refund.

NAME ..... ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

I enclose \$1.98 in advance with my order. Send the Plastic  
Compass to me all postage charges prepaid.

# ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

**COOL UNDER FIRE!**

